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FRANCIS M. SCOTT, REFORM CANDIDATE FOR MAYOR OF NEW YORK CITY.—[See Page 814.]

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No. 1765.

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THE ELECTIONS.

THE canvass for members of Congress will be very active and warm until the election. We are constantly reminded that at the election in the middle of a Presidential term it is generally very low tide with the administration party, because every discontented partisan can revenge himself by an adverse vote, or by staying at home, without injuriously affecting the general party ascendency, which, even if lost, may be restored in the Presidential year, and which probably will not be lost, but will come near enough to it to scare the delinquent leaders. But the simple interpretation of the result of a general election after the passage of a great measure in which the country is profoundly interested is that of a popular verdict upon the measure. During the embargo of Jefferson there was no doubt of the meaning of an election. In 1864 the election of McClellan would have given a different turn to our history. In 1890 a general election following within a little more than a month the passage of the new tariff, by our accepted usage, will be justly regarded as the judgment of the country upon that measure. A Republican victory would be fairly construed as a present approval of the policy of high protection. This could not be denied, if our system has not failed.

It would not, indeed, be the admission that such a policy is wise, or that its injury to the public welfare ought not to be constantly exposed. It could not be argued that it is the duty of those who hold that a policy is injurious and dangerous to acquiesce in it when it has been popularly approved, although such a proposition seems to be the purport of some recent speeches. The life of a republic is constant discussion, and its true legend is that nothing is settled until it is settled right. To pick the flint and try it again was always the cheerful cry of the defeated party. That the guard dies but never surrenders is one of the heroic phrases which the minority likes to repeat, because it expresses an undismayed purpose. But none the less, if the Republican party should carry the election, it could allege that it had appealed to the country upon a high tariff declaration in 1888; that it carried the election, and secured every branch of the government in 1890; that it completed and passed a tariff bill in the same year, and that the country immediately approved its action. Undoubtedly the feeling that vast invested private interests benefited by the tariff had corruptly influenced the election would raise a doubt whether it was really an honest verdict. But this question may be always asked, although the fair presumption in the present situation is that the supporters of the high tariff are more pecuniarily interested in maintaining it than its opponents in overthrowing it. However this may be, it is undeniable that Republican victory would be accepted as the approval of the tariff by the country.

By the same simple reasoning, on the other hand, Democratic success in securing control of the House would mean disapproval of the Republican policy by the country, and the movement for tariff reform would be immensely stimulated. Such success would at once confute the Republican assertion that the policy of the McKinley bill is really the popular preference, and although the Republican hold of the Senate and the Executive would prevent the success of any tariff reform legislation, the Republican claim to represent the sentiment of the country would be discredited, and the popular debate would continue briskly and hopefully. The elections of the autumn for this reason will be extremely interesting. In his speech at Lowell, Mr. Greenhalge said: "We have in that bill given to the toilers of America assured work for four years. I believe for twenty." This will be said, substantially, by every Republican candidate, and the election will show how generally that view is now shared by the toilers. The election in Maine was undeniably a significant straw, and need not be belittled. The result in Vermont undoubtedly showed indifference, but in a sure State it can be hardly held to show more. The Democratic confidence of securing the next House is based upon the belief that the workers do not agree with Mr. Greenhalge, and that as tariff reform legislation is out of the question during the term of the new Congress, the great protected interests will be less disposed to submit to frying than they were in 1888. On the other hand, a tariff debate is always disturbing to the country, and there is a consequent conservative disposition to allow any tariff settlement, once reached, to remain for some time undisturbed. This disposition will favor the Republican chance. It must be acknowledged also that the party organization of the Democrats seems to be less efficient at many points than the Republican. The general result is therefore doubtful. But if the administration party should merely hold its own, the enthusiasm for the new tariff could not be considered great.

A PULL ALL TOGETHER.

THE question of the municipal election in New York becomes plainer, if possible, every day. Even if the contest were in any proper sense political, it is not a contest between political parties. Tammany Hall, which is trying to maintain control of the city government, which, in this case, means subsisting upon the city treasury, is not an association which holds political opinions or proposes a political policy. It was well defined by a distinguished Democrat as a conspiracy of robbers to secure spoils. The question of the municipal election is simply whether such an association is a fit body to govern New York. Does any honest citizen believe that Tammany Hali will give honest government to the city? Does he suppose that the municipal business will be transacted economically or decently? Does he believe that there is any honorable political necessity which requires him to aid in turning over the city to a group of its most irresponsible inhabitants? Or if some national benefit is to be derived from Tammany control in the city of New York, will the honest citizen state what it is?

The Tammany machine has been lately analyzed by the *Evening Post* for public information. It comprises the body of men which rules the city as absolutely as the King of Siam rules his kingdom. Popular government in any just sense has for the present ceased in this city. The Tammany General Committee is composed of 4562 paying members, and they pay annually ten dollars each into the treasury. But of this number only 2567 are allowed to vote at the meetings. The total number of rumsellers is 681, of persons not in the city directory and of no occupation, 1606, in all 2287. That is, more than one-half are either rumsellers or persons without visible means of support or known residence, while of the rumsellers nearly six-sevenths are criminal or habitual violators of the law. The salaries paid from the city treasury are distributed through a large system of retainers known as "heelers" or "bummers." These are "the people" who really govern the city of New York, who virtually appoint the city officers, and who are sustained and intrusted with the city government by every citizen who votes the Tammany ticket. This is the conspiracy which every voter will approve and encourage who votes for the Tammany candidates in November.

There is but one excuse offered by respectable voters who sustain this iniquity. It is that no other rule would be any better, that every attempt to reform the evil falls under the control of knaves equally dishonest, and that reformers have their labor for their pains. But this is no truer in the case of the government of the city of New York than in that of every abuse and wrong and outrage. It is equally an argument against any effort to correct any abuse or right any wrong. It is simply a proposition to surrender to ignorance and vice. No effort or movement to correct abuses can repel all rascals who for their own purposes, or in the hope of securing control, may choose to associate themselves with it. The same argument, if tolerated and accepted, would have baffled all public improvement, and have left every public evil not only uncorrected, but without the effort to correct it. An election is an alternative. It is not a choice between the abstract good and bad, but between worse and better. No candidate is an ideal candidate. But will any honest Democrat offer that as a reason for supporting the candidates of an organization of rogues rather than those of an association of the most upright, intelligent, and patriotic citizens? There is no more plausible and powerful argument against a republic and popular government than the control of New York by Tammany Hall.

THE RIGHTS OF THE MAJORITY.

IN his speeches since the adjournment, as during his own canvass, Speaker Reed shows his consciousness of the doubt in the public mind whether his course was necessary to secure the rule of the majority and enable the House to transact business. That the House is established to transact business, that business finally must be transacted by the majority and not by the minority, and that the minority must not be able to prevent that final action after reasonable debate, are not open questions in any fair American mind. The real question is whether these results can be attained only by a practical destruction of the deliberative character of the House. This is the real question; which, however, the Speaker does not mention or discuss.

His scheme for securing action, as it was illustrated during the late session, is very simple. A majority of the caucus of the majority decides what shall be done in the House. The leader of the majority moves the previous question at his pleasure, the call is sustained, and the Speaker puts the question. If a quorum does not respond, he counts everybody present, or whom he thinks that he sees to be present, and if there be a quorum, its majority, which may or may not be a majority of the members elected, decides the question, even if one member only votes. If members unwilling, although silent, to have their presence counted as a vote to secure the passage of important measures to which they are opposed withdraw, they are summoned by a call of the House. Brought in by the sergeant-at-arms, they are counted as making a quorum, and are denounced as having meant to desert, if not betray, a solemn public trust, and as filibustering to obstruct the public business. The rule of the Speaker to solve the difficulty thus enables members elected to vote for a particular policy to neglect their duty and betray their trust, and compels those who were elected to vote against it to aid its passage. Was this necessary? Was there no method more agreeable to fair play and to the rights of the minority and to parliamentary government by which the transaction of the business of the House could be secured? Undoubtedly there was.

In New York and elsewhere the vote of a majority of the members elected is required to pass a bill. That is the fair and simple solution of the difficulty. That enables the members elected as favorable to a measure to pass it. Moreover, that is the very solution which the Speaker offered when he filibustered. Had the rule which he has enforced been enforced then, he and his colleagues of the minority would have declared truly that it was reckless tyranny. What the filibustering of the Speaker and his party friends accomplished a few years ago was to compel the majority of the House to produce a quorum of those who were elected to do what the filibusters believed to be a gross public wrong, and to complete the wrong upon their responsibility. It was righteous filibustering. It called the attention of the country to a contemplated wrong, and it threw the responsibility where it belonged, delaying the action of the House only until the majority should appear and exercise its unquestioned right. Either the Speaker was then a wanton obstructionist, conspiring against the rightful rule of the majority, or he has now denied rights which he then declared to be legitimate. It is probably the consciousness of this injustice and inconsistency which impels him in every speech to insist that he has only vindicated the right of the majority, and enabled the House to transact business. In the old days of the ascendency of slavery in Congress, it was the manly and patriotic duty of every friend of liberty in the minority of the House to do what Mr. Reed more recently did as a member of the House, but what as Speaker he has summarily forbidden. In parliamentary procedure he now pursues the course of the old Democratic majority which he stoutly resisted a few years since.

THE PENNSYLVANIA PROTEST.

In Pennsylvania the election does not turn upon the tariff, but upon common honesty. There was never a more extraordinary issue offered to the party which by its traditions claims to be the party of conscience and intelligence than that of the vindication of a man openly and responsibly charged with official malappropriation of the public money, by the election of another man who practically confesses his own delinquencies. Has a great and honorable party in one of the greatest of States no other available candidate than such a person so supported? Are the members of any honorable party willing to ratify such a combination, and accept it as worthy of their support as Pennsylvanians and American citizens? This is the question which the election will answer.

If the situation in Pennsylvania were repeated in other States, and the party were satisfied with the situation, there could be no more pressing public duty than the union of all good citizens to overthrow it. In the city of New York there is such a union of citizens to prevent those whose political morality is that of Chairman Quay from retaining their control of the government. In Pennsylvania there is also a large and influential body of Republicans who, as honest men and in respect for the good name of their commonwealth and the honor of their party, have united to defeat the Quay movement. If their effort shall fail in its specific object, it will yet not be without beneficent results. It will have made such action easier hereafter, for political independence is a good habit which constantly strengthens itself. Moreover, it will show that the old spirit of the party is not yet extinct in Pennsylvania.

There is no spectacle more disheartening than that in Pennsylvania. That a party should ask support because of its policy of protection is a legitimate movement of politics. But that it should ask the friends of protection to prove their faith by voting for a candidate whose election would be the condonation of his own confessed offences and of those charged upon Quay by a multitude of his most honorable fellow-citizens, and which are universally believed, is as discreditable an act as the annals of party and this country afford.

AMERICAN CITIZENSHIP.

The call of a meeting of British Americans in Boston to take action as such in local politics is a great mistake. It is American citizens only who are concerned with such politics, and not English, German, or Irish Americans. It is an excellent thing that citizens of foreign birth who are interested in our affairs so far as to become naturalized should take part in politics, but not as citizens of foreign birth. If they are not so far released from their old political allegiance as to accept unconditionally the name of American, they are not yet properly ready for such participation. Whatever tends to emphasize the differences of native nationality among American citizens is hostile to American nationality, and should be rigorously discountenanced. There is no fear that any citizen will forget his native land, or cease to cherish a certain loyalty to it. That is natural and inevitable, but the disposition is not to be indulged beyond the gratification of sentiment. Political organization under the old national name fosters a feeling which is inimical to our national welfare.

The vast flood of foreigners which pours ceaselessly into this country, and its equal participation in the government after very inadequate preparation for the duties and responsibilities of citizenship, is one of the most pressing and difficult of our public problems. In some American cities the proportion of voters who do not know our language, to whom our history and traditions are absolutely unknown, who have no conception of political duty or responsibility, and no care for them or interest in them, is enormous. It is, as a rule, a mass of the most ignorant citizenship. The most intelligent American who should settle in another country could not and would not ask before he knew the language and had familiarized himself with the history and character of the country and people, and of the nature and methods of their political institutions, to take an active part in the government, nor would an intelligent people permit him to do so.

Our naturalization laws were framed long before the question was of any importance. But it has now become of vital importance, and those laws should be revised in the interest of the perpetuity of free institutions. In a late admirable address at the centenary of the settlement of Geneseo, Mr. Sherman S. Rogers alluded to this question in a very suggestive and eloquent manner.

FOOD FISH.

A very interesting movement has begun in central New York for increasing the supply of "food fish." Ex-Judge Danforth, of the Court of Appeals, and Judges Rumsey and Adams, of the Supreme Court, with other well-known gentlemen, propose to increase the supply of white-fish, so that anywhere in the State the price of a fish weighing from three to five pounds shall not exceed fifteen to twenty-five cents, although the prevailing price at present is two and a half times that amount. The State Fish Commission has caused the propagation and distribution of a great variety of the finer fish, and the new movement proposes co-operation with the commission, especially to stock Lake Ontario with white-fish, making the supply a source of income to State industry as well as of cheap food to the mass of the people.

The appropriation for the Fish Commission is not large enough for the proper performance of its duty. This is due to the want of interest and knowledge among legislators, and to the disposition to regard the demands of money to prosecute a public work by commissioners who are not salaried as only an indirect benefit to the public. What is proposed, therefore, is agitation for the purpose of education, and of more intelligent action both in legislation to prevent the extinction of the fish, and in appropriations to secure proper care of them.

The strict regulation of fishing is one of the most vital conditions of an ample and adequate supply of fish. It is an unpleasant fact that some other States are doing better than New York in stimulating the fish supply. Ohio, Michigan, Illinois, and Wisconsin within the Union, and the Dominion beyond it, are very active in this good work. There is no more popular and delicious fish than the white-fish, and if it can be furnished at a price ranging from four to six cents a pound, it would be a public benefit worthy of the most active effort.

AN OBJECT-LESSON.

The Civil Service Reform League at its late annual meeting presented an admirable object-lesson to the country in one of the resolutions of its platform:

> "The league holds that the important duty of taking the census should have been committed to officers selected because of their fitness, and with no regard to political or partisan considerations, and it sees in the general dissatisfaction throughout the country with the result of the census a logical consequence of disregard of these principles."

The census is a most important work, not only as a record of the changes in population, but as the basis of tabulated statements of statistics, upon which are based the estimates of the growth of the country and of its comparison with others. The persons chosen to conduct such a work in every detail should be known to be fitted for the duty. In the present case it seems to be clear, from testimony in all parts of the Union, that many of the officers were conspicuously unfit, and so many of them as seriously if not fatally to impair the value of the census. We have heard of some of them who could not add a column of figures. But what else could be expected when, instead of ascertaining whether the employés were fitted for their duty, they were appointed at the request of members of Congress and politicians?

If we remember correctly, the Superintendent of the Census was unwilling to establish a system of proper examinations. Such officers are very apt to say that they hope they know enough to appoint suitable subordinates. But it is not a question of their knowledge or desire. They are as helpless as the Pope. They are parts of a system. They are told whom to appoint, and they obey. Mr. Clarkson knew nothing of the fitness of the thousands of fourth-class postmasters whom he appointed and removed. His rule undoubtedly was, as usual, to be governed by the party member of Congress from the district in which the office lay, and the member, in turn, was governed by the local politicians. It is a hierarchy, or a feudal system, as Mr. Swift of Indiana, says, of lords paramount and over-lords, and retainers and dependents of every degree, and its total absurdity for the practical business of a government is strikingly shown in the facts to which the Reform League calls attention.

THE WORLD'S FAIR.

It is more than a year since a movement for a World's Fair was begun in New York with an impetus which seemed to permit no doubt that it would be held, and held in New York. This was followed by a comical campaign, culminating in a political quarrel, and the final award of the Fair by Congress to Chicago. This action, in turn, was followed by delays and debates, and it is only now that a satisfactory site has been found and the work of preparation will actually begin.

The participation of the world in the exhibition will depend undoubtedly upon the action of Congress. If the enterprise is in some adequate manner adopted by the government, and other countries are asked by the government to contribute, they will probably respond. It was one of the arguments in favor of New York that the success of such an exhibition would necessarily depend upon holding it at a seaport, because the railway transport of goods for a thousand miles after landing would cause a vast increase of expense and seriously injure the display. The soundness of this argument will now be tested, and there is no doubt that the skill and resources and energy of our lively Western sister will not be dismayed by any such problem.

There is, however, one other difficulty that may be considered. It is evident that Europe is disposed to look upon our new tariff as hostile to its interests, and its American friends have been very careful to say that Europe is not mistaken, and that the tariff is designed to promote American and not European interests. Since its object is thus to exclude rather than to invite works of foreign industry, Europe naturally asks, Why should we be invited to exhibit our productions in the fairs of a country from whose markets they are excluded? The question is certainly not unreasonable, and the ready good sense of Chicago will undoubtedly furnish a fitting reply. It is pleasant to note that the loss of the Fair has not embittered the feeling of New York toward its Western sister, and there is no doubt that common interest in making the exhibition worthy of the country will lead to earnest co-operation.

PUNISHMENT OF CRIMINALS.

The report of the standing committee on criminal law reform, which was submitted to the late National Prison Congress at Cincinnati, is worthy of attention for its fundamental treatment of the question of punishment. It held that complete arrangements should be made in every prison for congregate or separate confinement, and there should be a thorough classification of prisoners. Inquiries by Grand Juries should aim at the whole truth as well as the establishment of guilt or innocence. The prosecutor should be sworn to the same end, and not apply himself to conviction only.

Fixed terms of punishment should be abolished, and imprisonment should be terminated only by fitness to go at large. A national uniform system of identification of criminals should be adopted, and criminal laws should be perfectly simple, admitting of no misconception. These are the recommendations of experts and students of penal science. The farce of "ten days" at the island they would abolish. If legal trial and punishment are worth the cost, they should certainly be made effective. The suggestions are not new. All of them, we believe, have been proved by trial, and have been fully justified by the result.

Prison reform is only about a century old, and it is an exceedingly interesting problem. Fifty years ago the subject of prison discipline commanded a great deal of public attention in this country, and it was in the debates of the Massachusetts society, in which he advocated the Pennsylvania or solitary system, that Charles Sumner first engaged in public controversy, and trained himself as a debater for the question of slavery. There is now a body of accomplished and practical specialists upon the subject whose recommendations have great authority, and the Prison Congress is an assembly of such men.

PERSONAL.

Queen Elizabeth of Roumania, who is perhaps even better known by her pen-name of Carmen Sylva than by her royal title, has not earned her literary title by the sacrifice of other duties. She is constant in her efforts to better the condition of the women of her kingdom, visits among the poor, and is the idol of the children and work-people in the neighborhood of her home at Kastell Pelesch. There is a pretty story current of the tender nursing she bestowed upon a peasant's child, who sickened and died of diphtheria, drawing its last breath in the Queen's arms. Carmen Sylva is especially fond of wearing the pretty Roumanian peasant dress while keeping her *villeggiatura*.

—The death is chronicled of the only child of the poet Joseph Rodman Drake, Mrs. Janet Halleck Drake De Kay. She was the namesake of her father's friend Fitz-Greene Halleck, and the mother of Mrs. Arthur Bronson, to whom *Asolando*, Browning's last book, was dedicated. Another daughter is the wife of Richard Watson Gilder, and her son, Charles De Kay, is a poet and art critic. Mrs. De Kay was seventy-one years old when she died, and had been an invalid for many years.

—Mrs. Henry M. Stanley (Dorothy Tennant) has entered the literary field, although in a different quarter from that filled by her husband. Her explorations have been among the street Arabs of London, and the volume in which she notes the result of her observations is copiously illustrated by her own drawings, done from life.

—The purchase of Dove Cottage as a memorial of Wordsworth seems in a fair way to be accomplished. Nearly two-thirds of the sum required—£1000—have already been pledged.

—Miss Clara Greenawald, thirteen years old, is a regular school-teacher in Penn Township, Pennsylvania.

—Richard H. Jackson, of Alabama, a graduate of the Annapolis Naval Academy in 1887, has been appointed an ensign in the navy in recognition of his services on the man-of-war *Trenton* during the great storm at Apia, Samoa, a year or two ago. The vessel was about to drift on a reef, when Jackson, who is twenty-three years old, led the men aloft, where their bodies had the effect of a sail, and saved the ship. By a law of the Navy Department, Jackson would have been retired with other members of his class, but his bravery has resulted in his retention.

—Rev. Henry Delake Kimball, who for many years preached every Sunday from the City Hall steps in this city, and was an earnest worker among the poor, is dead. He was graduated from Yale in 1853, and in 1860 was an abolitionist preacher in Boston.

—Valuable sporting outfits are owned by a number of professional and business men who take their recreation in hunting and fishing, but Pierre Lorillard is said to top them all with a $10,000 collection of guns.

—The autograph of Christopher Columbus is quoted at about $800 in Europe; Titian's brings $600, and Raphael's $300.

—The rough stone house in which Aaron Burr courted Estelle Provost, who afterward became his wife, still stands at Paramus, New Jersey, and not far away is the church where they were married.

—George Bancroft, the distinguished historian, has come to his ninetieth birthday with a gradual loss of physical strength and powers of memory, but still a remarkably well preserved body and mind for one so old. He continues his reading and interest in leading events of the day, and is not in any sense "on the shelf."

—Mrs. Julia Ward Howe is President of the Town and Country Club at Newport, which encourages out-door sports and anything else that tends to advance the physical health of its members.

—Governor Francis of Missouri distinguished himself at Jefferson City the other day by stopping a runaway team of horses in a crowded street. The owner of the animals at once expressed his intention to support the Governor should he be a candidate at the next election.

—James F. Goddard, the newly chosen Commissioner of the Trunk Line Association of railroads, is forty-eight years old, and a Massachusetts man by birth. For over twenty years he has been in the railroad business, his connection with leading Western lines having made him a prominent figure in railroad circles during the past few years.

—G. Labadie-Lagrave writes in the Paris *Figaro* of recent date as follows: "Mr. Edison has arrived at that solid degree of glory where a man's least utterances are gathered up appreciatively by stenographers. The illustrious inventor would have had no need to create the phonograph in order to secure for his words a prolonged reverberation in history. There is much to be gleaned from the conversations of which a contributor to Harper's Magazine has made passing note. Mr. Edison's table-talk is much more interesting than the table-talk of Monsieur Von Bismarck. Reading the dull farrago of gossip compiled by Mr. Moritz Busch, one would be tempted to doubt the genius of the Chancellor, whereas Mr. George Parsons Lathrop's article justifies the universal admiration which the most fertile inventor of the century excites among his fellow-citizens."

JUSTICE SAMUEL F. MILLER.

As we go to press Mr. Justice Miller of the Supreme Court of the United States lies at the point of death. Justice Miller was one of the greatest lawyers of the Supreme Bench. His vigorous mind was well informed, and in the performance of his duties he was indefatigable. No jurist of his time has made so strong a mark upon that important body of our constitutional law which is the result of judicial interpretation. He has been a member of the Supreme Court from July 16, 1862, more than twenty-eight years—nearly a generation. Next to the period during which John Marshall was giving to the operation of the then new and untried Constitution a tendency of interpretation of which Justice Miller was the modern exponent, these twenty-eight years were the most important in the constitutional history of the country. More often than any other member of the bench Justice Miller pronounced the meaning of disputed provisions of the Constitution. Not only in his opinions, but in public addresses, and in the advice which he gave to all the Presidents of his long official career, he interpreted the fundamental law, and extended its scope and jurisdiction almost invariably in the direction of Marshall's opinions.

Justice Miller was appointed to the bench by Mr. Lincoln at a time when it seemed essential to extend and enlarge the powers of the general government in order to preserve the Union. It was in 1862 that the President chose Justice Miller. It was the second appointment that Mr. Lincoln made, his first being Justice Swayne, of Ohio. The new Justice was born at Richmond, Kentucky, April 5, 1816. He was therefore in the prime of a rugged and remarkably vigorous manhood. In early life, after his graduation at the University of Transylvania, he practised medicine in the mountain regions of his State, riding day and night over rough roads on horseback, carrying his saddle-bags, healing the sick, studying human nature, and talking politics. He was a born politician. The slavery question agitated him, as it did all young men of his time, but he did not sympathize with the prevailing opinion of Kentucky. Medicine and surgery were not to his taste, so he determined to abandon his first profession for the more congenial one of law. It was soon evident that this time he had chosen precisely in accordance with his natural bent.

His strong antislavery sentiments induced him to leave Kentucky, and in 1850 he went to Iowa. Here he practised law, and became a Republican leader. He never held office, however, until Mr. Lincoln appointed him a Justice of the Supreme Court. At that time his associates on the bench, besides Justice Swayne, were Chief Justice Taney, Justices Samuel Nelson, James M. Wayne, Nathan Clifford, and Robert C. Grier. Justice Campbell, of Louisiana, had resigned, and David Davis was appointed his successor in October, 1862. Mr. Lincoln's other appointment was Justice Stephen J. Field. All these men except Field were of the vigorous, aggressive Republicans of the West. They were the kind of politicians among whom Mr. Lincoln had lived, and with whom he had worked in the cause which had finally triumphed in his election to the Presidency. Justice Field was a Democrat, and his selection was in pursuance of the policy by which the allegiance of California to the Union was maintained.

But Mr. Lincoln depended upon his Western judges for the holding up of his hands, and he was not disappointed. The Supreme Court, with its enormous power over the Legislative and Executive departments, through its interpretations of the fundamental law, held a place in the government of enormous importance. If the judges did not take the view of the extent of the war powers which Mr. Lincoln deemed essential, the outlook would be very gloomy. His power to put down the rebellion would certainly be crippled, and might be utterly destroyed. If Chief Justice Taney's constitutional views were to prevail, the armies in the field would have a more potent enemy at the Capitol in their rear than in the camps in their front. But the strong men from the West, sustained by the strong current of Northern public opinion, were equal to the demand which was made upon them.

It was when the war was over, and the long and distressful period of reconstruction came, that the Supreme Court assumed that important place in the Federal government which it has occasionally occupied, but especially in the long formative period when it was dominated by Chief Justice Marshall, and in that of which we write. When the war was over, Chief Justice Chase was on the bench. It is a strong testimony to the restraining force of the written and rigid Constitution that notwithstanding the strong centralizing tendencies and opinions of the majority of the Court, the rights of the State have been vindicated more than once.

In the causes which followed the adoption of the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth amendments Justice Miller played a very important part. The best known of these causes are the three in which was involved the constitutionality of the Legal Tender Act. There is no doubt that Justice Miller aided with his professional skill and knowledge in the perfection of this measure. In the first of these causes it was decided that the United States could not make paper a legal tender for the payment of debts contracted before the passage of the law. The question as to the constitutionality of the law as to debts subsequently contracted was not involved; but it was manifest that if the issue should arise, the majority of the Court would decide against the power of the government. Chief Justice Chase delivered the opinion of the majority of the Court, and Justice Miller read the opinion of the minority.

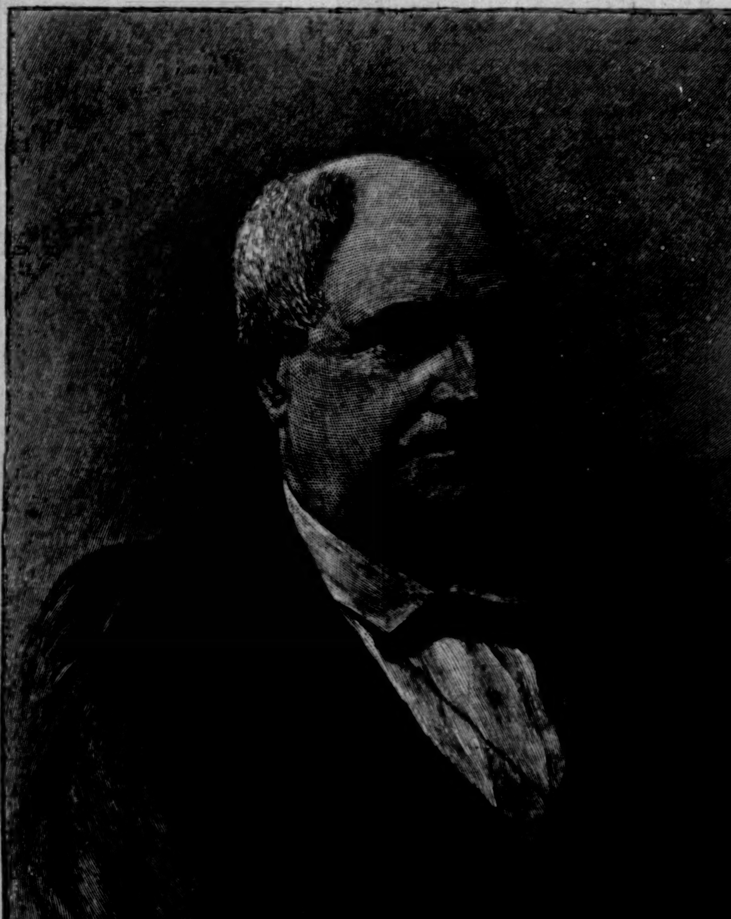
Then followed what was and is still regarded an act degrading to the Supreme Court, the appointment of two Justices for the purpose of giving to the Court a majority in favor of the constitutionality of the Legal Tender Act. The question was reopened, and the first decision reversed. Justice Miller this time was with the majority which decided in favor of the law for all purposes. He was also with Justice Gray in the third cause in which it was determined that the government has the power to issue legal tender notes in time of peace, and without regard to the war power.

Justice Miller was also largely instrumental in the determination of the slaughter-house causes, in which the exclusive jurisdiction of the States over private corporations was settled, and the Granger cases, in which the public character of railways was determined. It was at this time also that the Supreme Court checked the radical element of the Republican party by deciding the Civil Rights law unconstitutional. At the same time in the Virginia and other causes the immediate jurisdiction of the Federal government over the individual was very greatly extended. How much the power of the United States has been increased since the time when Justice Miller first took his seat upon the bench is best illustrated by the recent decision as to the right of the State to prohibit the sale of liquor brought within it in original packages.

In many of these cases Justice Miller took firm grounds for the State; but, as a rule, his tendency was to extend still further the centralizing doctrines of the early Court. His decisions concerning the right of the State to levy taxes for the benefit of private persons or enterprises are at the present time among the most interesting to be found in the volumes of the Supreme Court reports. The declarations contained in them are depended upon by the leaders of the Revenue Reform movement.

The opinions delivered by Justice Miller are models of judicial literature. They are clear, vigorous, terse, and logical statements of opinion, and they have commanded the respect of the bench and the bar on both sides of the ocean for nearly thirty years. On the bench during the course of the argument he never forgot that though he was the oldest Judge on the bench, he was not the Chief Justice. His interlocutory remarks to counsel were, therefore, less frequent than those of weaker and younger judges. When he did interrupt a counsel, it was for the purpose of enlightening an argument, or to end a profitless and wearisome discussion by assuring the luckless barrister that the Court was not with him, and never would be.

Personally Justice Miller was a hearty, genial, democratic man. His life was laborious. He loved his profession and his work. He was usually in his office in the basement of his house on Massachusetts Avenue, at work on the opinions which fell to his lot to prepare, when he was not in the court-room. An occasional dinner at the White House, or in the Supreme Court set, which is traditionally at the head of the society of Washington, and a game of whist now and then, constituted his social pleasures. He saw every one who called, was interested in a wide range of subjects, especially of the practical kind, but most of his literature was found in the law-books. When he wandered out of them, like a good many other eminent jurists, he found delight in fiction. To the last he preserved his extraordinary intellectual vigor, and to within a year his wonderful physique.



JUSTICE SAMUEL F. MILLER, OF IOWA, OF THE SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES.

LITERARY ACTIVITY IN THE EAST.

THE classical and historical *ex oriente lux*—out of the East comes light—is in our day and date demonstrating its correctness in a most remarkable manner. The rediscovery of lost empires and their vast literatures, such as the Assyrian, the Babylonian, the Hittite, the Sabæan in southern Arabia—the realm of the Queen of Sheba—have added most valuable sources of information to our knowledge of Oriental antiquity and history. Indeed it can be fairly stated that with the exception of the revival of the study of Græco-Roman literature after the fall of Constantinople in the fifteenth century, there has never been a period in which more and better new sources of information for the understanding of the history of nations have been discovered than in the last few decades. The venerable Orient, though dead, speaks clearly and fully.

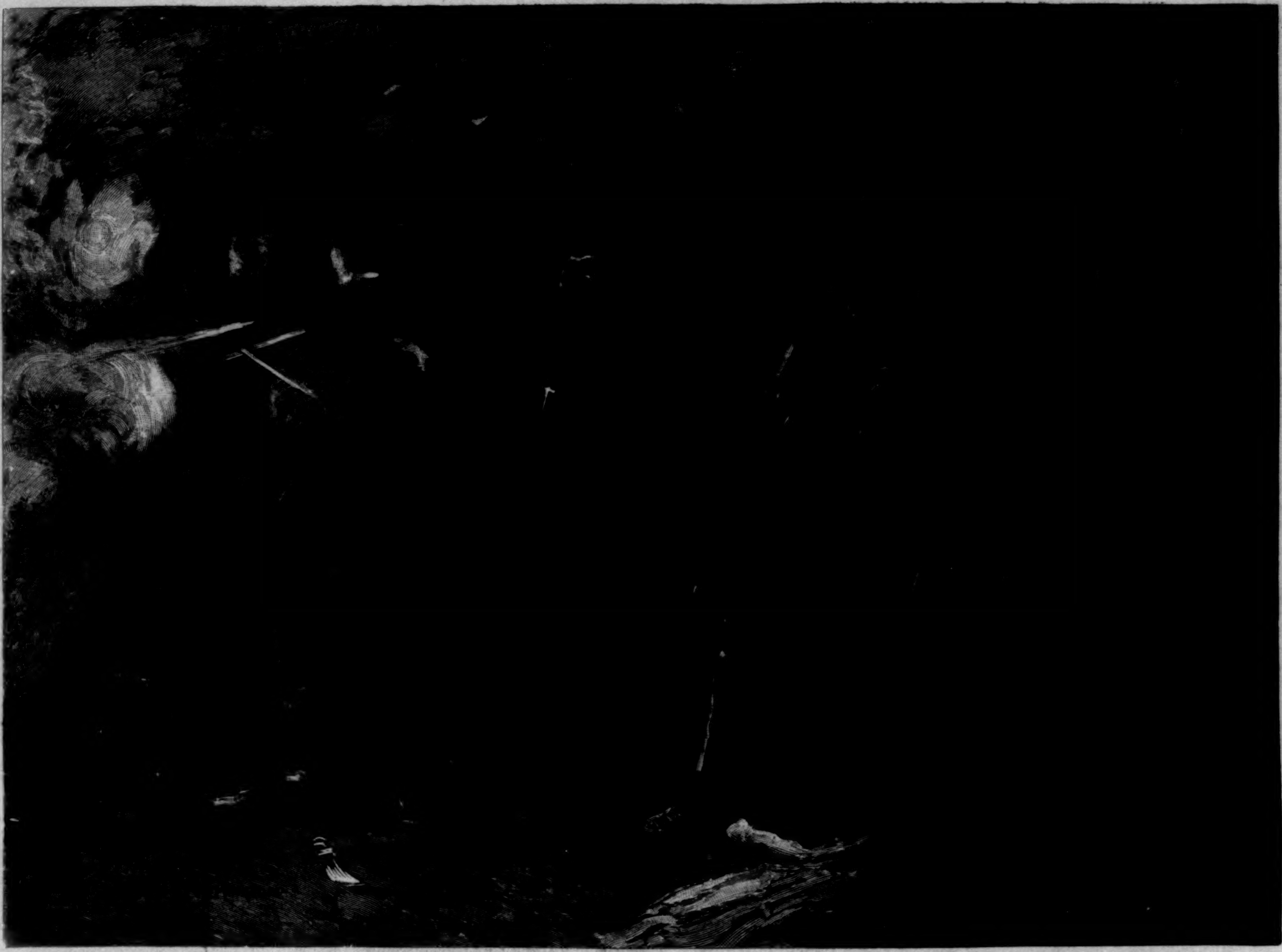
Yet what pick and spade have done in Egypt, Babylonia, Assyria, Phœnicia, Asia Minor—especially at Troy—in Carthage, Italy, and other historic sites, can scarcely be said to surpass in value what purely literary work in the Orient has been doing. The discovery of such treasures as the *Codex Sinaiticus*, by Tischendorf, who accidentally found a few leaves of this valuable document in a waste-basket, and of the *Teaching of the Twelve Apostles*, by the Greek Bishop Bryennios, in the Jerusalem Library at Constantinople, are clear indications that the systematic investigation of the old libraries and cloisters of the East will doubtless bring to light, especially for biblical lore, even a richer wealth than the tablets of Assyria and the tombs of Egypt.

Fortunately the work of investigating the literary treasures of these libraries is going on in a gratifying manner and method. There are three sacred shrines in the orthodox Oriental Church, and these have been the centres where the largest and most valuable collections of books have been gathered. These shrines are Mount Athos, Mount Sinai, and Jerusalem. The largest collections are found in the dozen and more cloisters of Mount Athos. For eight years Professor Lambros, of Athens, has been at work investigating these libraries. Several years ago he issued a catalogue of two of them—the Lawra and the Watopedion—the first containing 1000, the latter, 4000 volumes. He has now begun on the other 18 libraries on the mount, and so far has described 865 of the 5759 manuscripts there found. In this way the libraries of Mount Athos alone contain more than 10,000 works awaiting the investigation of scholars.

A similar work has been done for the collections in St. Catharine's cloister on Mount Sinai and in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem. Professor Gardthausen, of Leipzig, has already published his description of the former library, having found there 1223 volumes. He significantly remarks that the library does not stand in need of books, but the books of a library. The monks are exceedingly careless in this matter. Only recently the Patriarch of Jerusalem has gathered to the sacred city the literary documents found in a number of neighboring cloisters, and the collection now numbers about 1500 volumes, of which a detailed catalogue is being published now.

None are more zealous in the prosecution of this research than the Greeks themselves. They deserve great credit for what they are doing in literature and learning. A recent American writer from that country says that in proportion to her size, population, and wealth, the little Hellenic kingdom surpasses even open-handed America in this respect. The so-called *Maurogordateios Bibliotheke*, with head-quarters at Constantinople, has for several years, under the auspices of the Syllogus Society, been publishing accounts of a large number of the tens of thousands of unpublished manuscript treasures found scattered through the islands of the Levant. Although Greece has no publication houses after the manner of those found in western Europe and America, and each author must issue his work on the old subscription plan, yet literary undertakings on a grand scale that rival the works of the Western peoples constantly appear from the pens of Hellenic writers. Just at present the most important work of this kind is an encyclopædia in seven volumes, each of about 1000 quarto pages, edited by Dr. N. G. Polites. It is profusely and splendidly illustrated. Other works on a larger scale are an ancient Greek lexicon of nearly 5000 pages, a French-Greek of 2000, a German-Greek of 1100, and others. In newspaperdom the Greeks are particularly active, some of their periodicals, such as the *Ecclesiastike Aletheia*, of Constantinople, the *Aion* and *Soter*, of Athens, comparing favorably for solid contents with the best periodicals published anywhere.

Nor are the Greeks the only ones who are producing a new literature in the East. Within the last few years Beyroot has become a literary and educational centre that is proving a remarkable ferment in the rejuvenation of the Orient. It is the head-quarters of Protestant, Catholic, and Mohammedan agitations that are contending for the control of the minds and hearts of the Eastern people. In the year 1888 the Beyroot Protestant presses alone turned out 29,000,000 pages of Arabic literature, about one-third in the shape of newspapers and periodicals. The catalogue of the Arabic and Turkish publications of the Catholic presses of Beyroot is a pamphlet of more than a hundred pages, issued in French. In Beyroot no fewer than eight political papers are published, most of them weekly. In addition there are several literary periodicals and one or two religious journals, published by each of the religions represented; one or two papers being only translations of Western authors, such as Alexander Dumas, Walter Scott, and others. The number of periodicals published in all Syria is estimated at forty.



FATHER LACOMBE HEADING THE INDIANS.—DRAWN BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.

CANADA'S FAMOUS MISSIONARY.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

RECENT news despatches from Calgary, in the Canadian province of Assiniboia, announced the death of Chief Crowfoot of the Blackfeet Indians, and in the subsequent report of the installation of a new chief over this great tribe was a mention of Father Lacombe. These two, the chief and the priest, were the most interesting and by far the most influential public characters in the newer part of Canada. Together they controlled the peace of a territory the size of a great empire.

The chief was more than eighty years old; the priest is a dozen years younger; and yet they represented in their experiences the two great epochs of life on this continent—the barbaric and the progressive. In the chief's boyhood the red man held undisputed sway from the Lakes to the Rockies. In the priest's youth he led, like a scout, beyond the advancing hosts from Europe. But Father Lacombe came bearing the olive branch of religion, and he and the barbarian became fast friends, intimates in a companionship as picturesque and out of the common as any the world could produce.

There is something very strange about the relations of the French and the French half-breeds with the wild men of the plains. It is not altogether necessary that the Frenchman should be a priest, for I have heard of French half-breeds in our Territories who showed again and again that they could make their way through bands of hostiles in perfect safety, though knowing nothing of the language of the tribes there in war-paint. It is most likely that their swarthy skins and black hair and their knowledge of savage ways aided them. But when not even a French half-breed has dared to risk his life among angry Indians, the French missionaries went about their duty fearlessly and unscathed. There was one, just after the dreadful massacre of the Little Big Horn, who built a cross of rough wood, painted it white, fastened it to his buck-board, and drove through a country in which a white man with a pale face and blond hair would not have lived two hours.

It must be remembered that in a vast region of country the French priest and *voyageur* and *courrier des bois* were the first white men the Indians saw, and while the explorers and traders seldom quarrelled with the red men or offered violence to them, the priests never did. They went about like women or children, or, rather, like nothing else than priests. They quickly learned the tongues of the savages, treated them fairly, showed the sublimest courage, and acted as counsellors, physicians, and friends. There is at least one brave Indian fighter in our army who will state it as his belief that if all the white men had done thus we would have had but little trouble with our Indians.

Father Lacombe was one of the priests who threaded the trails of the Northwestern timber land and the Far Western prairie when white men were very few indeed in that country, and the only settlements were those that had grown around the frontier forts and the still earlier mission chapels. For instance, in 1849, at twenty-two years of age, he slept a night or two where St. Paul now weights the earth. It was then a village of 25 log huts, and where the great building of the St. Paul *Pioneer-Press* now stands, then stood the village chapel. For two years he worked at his calling on either side of the American frontier, and then was sent to what is now Edmonton, in that magical region of long summers and great agricultural capacity known as the Peace River District, hundreds of miles north of Dakota and Idaho. There the Rockies are broken and lowered, and the warm Pacific winds have rendered the region warmer than the land far to the south of it. But Father Lacombe went farther—400 miles north, to Lake Labiche. There he found what he calls a fine colony of half-breeds. These were dependents of the Hudson Bay Company, white men from England, France, and the Orkney Islands, and Indians and half-breeds and their children. The visits of priests were so infrequent that in the intervals between them the white men and Indian women married one another, not without formality and the sanction of the colony, but without waiting for the ceremony of the Church. Father Lacombe was called upon to bless and solemnize many such matches, to baptize many children, and to teach and preach what scores knew but vaguely or not at all.

In time he was sent to Calgary, in the province of Assiniboia. It is one of the most bustling towns in the Dominion, and the biggest place west of Winnipeg. Alberta is north of our Montana, and is all prairie-land, but from Father Lacombe's parsonage one sees the snow-capped Rockies, sixty miles away, lying above the horizon like a line of clouds tinged with the delicate hues of mother-of-pearl in the sunshine. Calgary was a mere post in the wilderness for years after the priest went there. The buffaloes roamed the prairie in fabulous numbers, the Indians used the bow and arrow in the chase, and the maps we studied at the time showed the whole region enclosed in a loop, and marked "Blackfoot Indians." But the other Indians were loath to accept this disposition of the territory as final, and the country thereabouts was an almost constant battle-ground between the Blackfoot tribe, the Bloods, and the Crees.

The good priest—for if ever there was a good man Father Lacombe is one—saw fighting enough, as he roamed with one tribe and the other or journeyed from tribe to tribe. His mission led him to ignore tribal differences, and to preach to all the Indians of the plains. He knew the chiefs and headmen among them all, and so justly did he deal with them that he was not only able to minister to all without attracting the enmity of any, but he came to wield, as he does to-day, a formidable power over all of them.

He knew old Crowfoot in his prime, and as I saw them together they were like bosom friends. Together they had shared dreadful privation and survived frightful winters and storms. They had gone side by side through savage battles, and each respected and loved the other. I think I make no mistake in saying that all through his reign Crowfoot was the greatest Indian monarch in Canada; possibly no tribe in this country was stronger in numbers during the last decade or two. I have never seen a nobler-looking Indian or a more king-like man. He was tall and straight, as slim as a girl, and he had the face of an eagle or of an ancient Roman. He looked as the mummy of Julius Cæsar might, for he had Cæsar's face, but it was dried and smoked. He never troubled himself to learn the English language; he had little use for his own. His grunt or his "No" ran all through his tribe. He never shared his honors with a squaw. He died an old bachelor, saying, wittily, that no woman would take him.

It must be remembered that the degradation of the Canadian Indian began a dozen or fifteen years later than that of our own red men. In both countries the railroads were indirectly the destructive agents, and Canada's great transcontinental line is a new institution. Until it belted the prairie the other day the Blackfoot Indians led very much the life of their fathers, hunting and trading for the whites, to be sure, but living like Indians, fighting like Indians, and dying like them. Now they don't fight, and they live and die like dogs. Amid the old conditions lived Crowfoot—a haughty, picturesque, grand old savage. He never rode or walked without his headmen in his retinue, and when he wished to exert his authority, his apparel was royal indeed. His coat of gaudy bead-work was a splendid garment, and weighed a dozen pounds. His leg gear was just as fine; his moccasins would fetch fifty dollars in any city to-day. Doubtless, he thought his hat was quite as impressive and king-like, but to a mere scion of effeminate civilization it looked remarkably like an extra tall plug hat, with no crown in the top and a lot of crows' plumes in the band. You may be sure his successor wears that same hat to-day, for the Indians revere the "state hat" of a brave chief, and look at it through superstitious eyes, so that those queer hats (older tiles than ever see the light of St. Patrick's Day) descend from chief to chief, and are hallowed.

But Crowfoot died none too soon. The history of the conquest of the wilderness contains no more pathetic story than that of how the kind old priest, Father Lacombe, warned the chief and his lieutenants against the coming of the pale-faces. He went to the reservation and assembled the leaders before him in council. He told them that the white men were building a great railroad, and in a month their workmen would be in that virgin country. He told the wondering red men that among these laborers would be found many bad men seeking to sell whiskey, offering money for the ruin of the squaws. Reaching the greatest eloquence possible for him, because he loved the Indians and doubted their strength, he assured them that contact with these white men would result in death, in the destruction of the Indians, and by the most horrible processes of disease and misery. He thundered and he pleaded. The Indians smoked and reflected. Then they spoke through old Crowfoot:

"We have listened. We will keep upon our reservation. We will not go to see the railroad."

But Father Lacombe doubted still, and yet more profoundly was he convinced of the ruin of the tribe should the "children," as he sagely calls all Indians, disobey him. So once again he went to the reserve, and gathered the chief and the headmen, and warned them of the soulless, diabolical, selfish instincts of the white men. Again the grave warriors promised to obey him.

The railroad laborers came with camps and money and liquors and numbers, and the prairie thundered the echoes of their sledge-hammer strokes. And one morning the old priest looked out of the window of his bare bedroom and saw curling wisps of gray smoke ascending from a score of tepees on the hill beside Calgary. Angry, amazed, he went to his doorway and opened it, and there upon the ground sat some of the headmen and the old men, with bowed heads, ashamed. Fancy the priest's wrath and his questions! Note how wisely he chose the name of children for them, when I tell you that their spokesman at last answered with the excuse that the buffaloes were gone, and food was hard to get, and the white men brought money which the squaws could get. And what is the end? There are always tepees on the hills now beside every settlement near the Blackfoot reservation. And one old missionary lifted his trembling forefinger toward the sky, when I was there, and said: "Mark me. In fifteen years there will not be a full-blooded Indian alive on the Canadian prairie—not one."

Through all that revolutionary railroad building and the rush of new settlers, Father Lacombe and Crowfoot kept the Indians from war, and even from depredations and from murder. When the half-breeds arose under Riel, and every Indian looked to his rifle and his knife, and when the mutterings that preface the war-cry sounded in every lodge, Father Lacombe made Crowfoot pledge his word that the Indians should not rise. The priest represented the government on these occasions. The Canadian statesmen recognize the value of his services. He is the great authority on Indian matters beyond our border; the ambassador to and spokesman for the Indians.

But Father Lacombe is more than that. He is the deepest student of the Indian languages that Canada possesses. The revised edition of Bishop Barager's *Grammar of the Ochipwe Language* bears these words upon its title-page, "revised by the Rev. Father Lacombe, Oblate Mary Immaculate, 1878." He is the author of the authoritative *Dictionnaire et Grammaire de la Langue Crise*, the dictionary of the Cree dialect published in 1874. He has compiled just such another monument to the Blackfoot language, and will soon publish it, if he has not done so already. He is in constant correspondence with our Smithsonian Institution; he is famous to all who study the Indian; he is beloved or admired throughout Canada.

His work in these lines is labor of love. He is a student by nature. He began the study of the Algonquin language as a youth in older Canada, and the tongues of many of these tribes from Labrador to Athabasca are but dialects of the language of the great Algonquin nation—the Algic family. He told me that the white man's handling of Indian words in the nomenclature of our cities, provinces, and States is as brutal as anything charged against the savages. Saskatchewan, for instance, means nothing. Kissiskatchewan is the word that was intended. It means "rapid current." Manitoba is senseless, but "Manitowapa" (the mysterious strait) would have been full of local import. However, there is no need to sadden ourselves with this expert knowledge. Rather let us be grateful for every Indian name with which we have stamped individuality upon the map of the world, be it rightly or wrongly set forth.

It is strange to think of a scholar and a priest amid the scenes that Father Lacombe has witnessed. It was one of the most fortunate happenings of my life that I chanced to be in Calgary and in the little mission beside the chapel when Chief Crowfoot came to pay his respects to his old black-habited friend. Anxious to pay the chief such a compliment as should present the old warrior to me in the light he would be most proud to be considered, Father Lacombe remarked that he had known Crowfoot when he was a young man and a mighty warrior. The old copperplated Roman smiled and swelled his chest when this was translated. He was so pleased that the priest was led to ask him if he remembered one night when a certain trouble about some horses, or a chance duel between the Bloods and the Blackfoot tribe, led to a midnight attack. The chief grinned and grunted wonderfully. The priest asked if he remembered how the Bloods were routed. The chief grunted even more emphatically. Then the priest asked if the chief recalled what a pickle he, the priest, was in when he found himself in the thick of the fight. At that old Crowfoot actually laughed.

After that Father Lacombe drew in a few bold sentences a picture of the quiet, sleep-enfolded camp of the Blackfoot band, of the silence and the darkness. Then he told of a sudden musket-shot. Then of the screaming of the squaws, and the barking of the dogs, and the yelling of the children, of the general hubbub and confusion of the startled camp. The cry was everywhere, "The Bloods! the Bloods!" The enemy shot a fusillade at close quarters into the Blackfoot camp, and the priest ran out toward the blazing muskets crying that they must stop, for he, their priest, was in the camp. He mentioned his own name, for he stood toward the Bloods precisely as he did toward the Blackfoot nation. But whether the Bloods heard him or not, they did not heed him. The blaze of their guns grew stronger and crept nearer. The bullets whistled by. It grew exceedingly unpleasant to be there. It was dangerous as well. Father Lacombe said that he did all he could to stop the fight, but when it was evident that his behavior would simply result in the massacre of his hosts and of himself in the bargain, he altered his cries into military commands. "Give it to 'em!" he screamed. He urged Crowfoot's braves to return two shots for every one from the enemy. He took command, and inspired the bucks with double valor. They drove the Bloods out of reach and hearing.

All this was translated to Crowfoot—or Saponaxitaw, for that was his Indian name—and he chuckled and grinned, and poked the priest in the side with his knuckles. And good Father Lacombe felt the magnetism of his own words and memory, and clapped the chief on the shoulder, while both laughed heartily at the climax, with the accompanying mental picture of the discomfited Bloods running away, and the clergyman ordering their instant destruction.

There may not be such another meeting and rehearsal on this continent again. Those two men represented the passing and the dominant races of America; and yet, in my view, the learned and brave and kindly missionary is as much a part of the dead past as is the royalty that Crowfoot was the last to represent.

THE LITTLE HIPPOPOTAMUS AND ITS MOTHER.

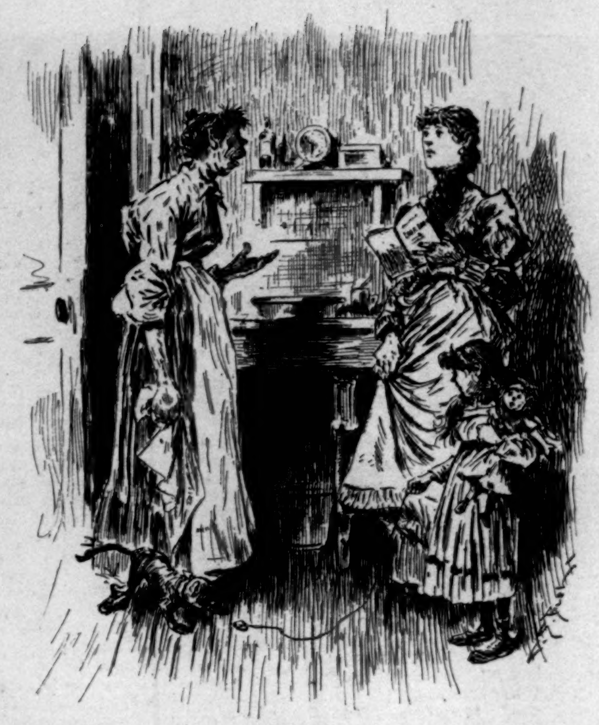
In the staid official language of his last report, Mr. William A. Conklin, director of the Central Park menagerie, thus presents a birth and a death: "The death of the young hippopotamus occurred four days after birth. The animal was born December 1, 1889. The mother appeared to be very fond of the young one. Thirty-six hours after birth it began to grow weak, as it had not nursed up to that time, and I decided to remove it and feed it by hand." Alas! the little hippo died on the next Friday. How might you feed a baby hippopotamus "by hand"?

On Saturday, October 4th, another hippo was born in Central Park, New York, which having lived so far, the chances of its existence are fair; nevertheless it must be stated that many accidents may occur, notwithstanding all care and vigilance.

It is somewhat of a privilege to have obtained permission to see the little hippo, not that the baby would have in the least resented an intrusion, but the mother's anger for the first few days was such when any curious visitor presented himself that there was the danger that in her frenzy she might stamp the life out of her offspring. As I saw her some five days after the birth of her little one, though vigilant and suspicious, the mother's temper had been mollified. You could approach the cage. The eye of the adult hippo is not engaging. It is a goggle-eye. I never have yet read any special description of the covering of the eye of the river-horse which is acceptable to me. The eye is a globose mass, with an inclination to "pop." A sly hippo would be incapable of winking, for it has no eyelids, as we understand them. The covering around the organ of vision seems to unroll when it wants to stare at you, and so the eye opens on you all at once. Pretty generally the mother kept her goggle-eyes on me as if suspecting some interference with her baby.

The little hippo, which, so far, has never been fondled by mortal hand, was dozing. It resented the presence of the flies, and its little ears would shake, and it would twitch its flanks. It certainly had no liking for New York flies, considering them as insectivora of a more spiteful character than the Nilotic ones. Evidently it missed its natural cradle—the soft rich slime and mud of African rivers. In size, though hardly a week old, it was as large as a five-months pig, and was of a dark color, inclining toward a deep rich chocolate. That huge development of the head, that mighty mouth, characteristic of the adult animal, was hardly conspicuous. Its shape was not ungainly. One peculiarity quite noticeable was its flat little tail. Five minutes after its birth the little one could walk, and Mr. Conklin said this early effort toward locomotion showed no unsteadiness of leg. It walked at once five or six feet, and then lay down. The mother, as far as observation went, seemed somewhat amazed at the appearance of one of her own kind in her cage, but never took her eye off the new-comer. At five o'clock in the morning it nursed for the first time, and then at three in the afternoon. Some kind of instinct seemed to point out to the mother that the safest place for her little one was as near as possible to her own head, so wherever the baby lies down, there the mother stretches out her huge bulk, her great head in close proximity to her baby. In nursing, the mother lies over on her side, and thus permits the little hippo a better opportunity to take its nourishment.

The act of feeding has not so far been greedy on the part of the baby, though the process of suction can be heard at quite a long distance. There is a decided inclination on the part of the infant to dabble in the water. It was not thought wise to have the tank to the bath-room of the nursery (so to call it) filled with water, because the sides of the tank were too steep, and there might have been a chance of the new-comer's getting injured. In case of trouble, it would have been a dangerous business to rescue the infant, on account of the certain interference of the mother. When, however, a shallow tin bath-tub is filled with bread and water for the mother's sustenance, the little one is fond of getting into it and dabbling in the water. In a few days water of a proper temperature will be introduced into the tank, and then the young one will have its first swim. Mr. Bartlett, the superintendent of the London Zoological Garden, tells of his horror when looking for a little hippo born in London. It was undiscoverable. The last seen of it was in the tank with its maternal parent. The mother was driven out and secured. But there was a lost child. At last, when least expected, up popped the baby, as jolly as could be, from the bottom of the tank. It is supposable that the mother can suckle her young in the water.



McKINLEY.

"Why, I thought you were perfectly satisfied, Mary. On what account do you ask for more wages?"

"McKinley's, mum."

"Who's McKinley, and what has he to do with it?"

"Dunno, mum, but me cousin pwhat kapes a sthore sez she's raisin' av'rything on account av McKinley, an' oim not the wan ter be behindt me cousin in anything at all, at all—"

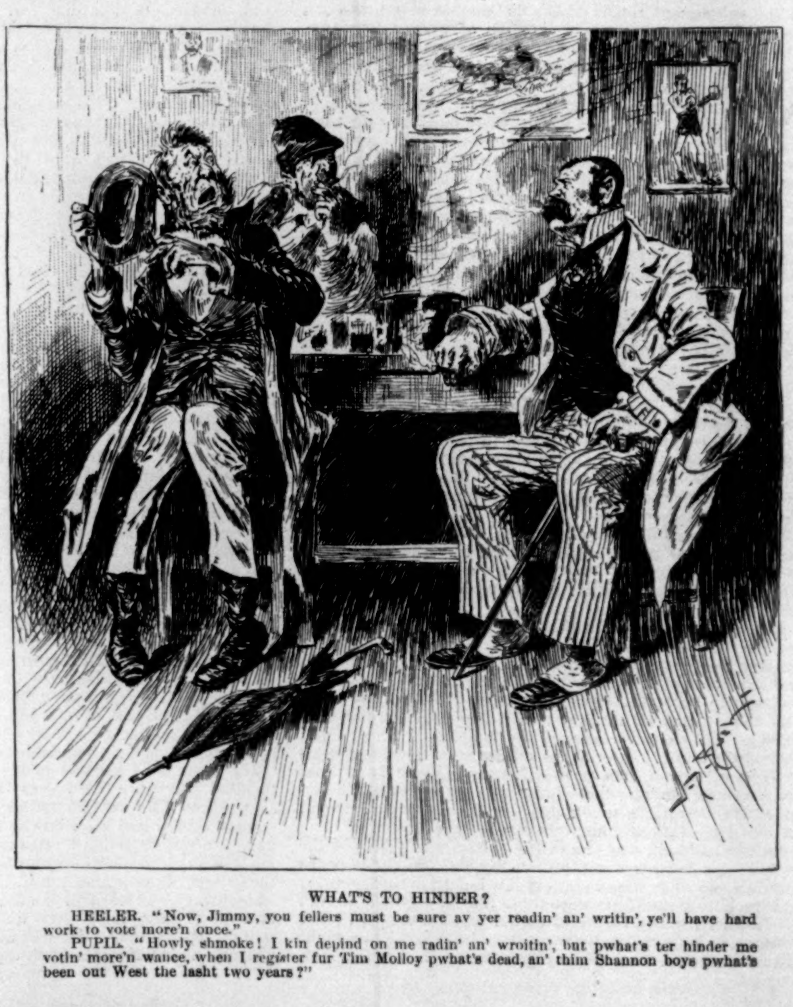
If a guess were made as to the weight of the new-comer, an adept might venture on seventy-five pounds as coming near it. When born, it was rather lank, showing its anatomy, but now it is sleek and rounded.

The father, Caliph (for family reasons now separated from his wife and child), is eight years old, and the mother, Miss Murphy, is six. It is believed that the hippo takes about five years before arriving at maturity, and that its duration of life is thirty years. A young hippo captured in 1849, and taken to the London Zoological Gardens, died there in 1878, apparently of old age. Applying the general principles of duration of life to the time of maturity, it looks as if, under natural conditions, the hippopotamus would have a somewhat longer life than thirty years.

At first the mother was off her feed, as is usually the case under such circumstances, but now her appetite is rapidly improving. The capacity of the hippo's stomach is enormous, and in it six heaping bushel measures of grass can be comfortably stowed away. An elephant trifles with his grass or hay, munching a little at times. The hippo, always intent on a square meal, never "fools" with its feed, but puts it straight away. At Central Park, New York, hay-mows of good height and ample circumference as they disappear attest the voracity of the two hippos there, and should all animated nature bolt whole loaves of bread as they do, there might be a necessity for the planting of new areas with wheat.

Sir Samuel Baker has, better than any one else, described the hippo mouth. He calls it "an agricultural implement mouth." Here are grass-cutters of splendid material, sharp as razors, and in the lower jaws incisors which will lift a stout-stemmed plant, roots and all, out of the ground. The flat teeth are great masses of solid dentine, having the triturating capabilities of millstones. The perfect hippo mouth then combines the mechanism of the sickle, the lawn-mower, and the harrow.

The coming of this young hippo, considered somewhat in the light of a national event, has an amusing side to it. Names of favorite animals in the Central Park menagerie are not due to the imaginative powers of the director, but come from the public. He has no choice; he is forced to accept them. The popular song, the catchword of the day, is applied to an animal, and it sticks. Innumerable have been the names already suggested for the little one. The postman brings to the Central Park menagerie every day letters from all parts of the United States offering names. The reasons for not giving the little hippo a name just now can be at once appreciated. If I were to say, "The baby takes his nourishment like a little



WHAT'S TO HINDER?

HEELER. "Now, Jimmy, you fellers must be sure av yer readin' an' writin', ye'll have hard work to vote more'n once."

PUPIL. "Howly shmoke! I kin depind on me radin' an' wroitin', but pwhat's ter hinder me votin' more'n wance, when I register fur Tim Molloy pwhat's dead, an' thim Shannon boys pwhat's been out West the lasht two years?"

man," I might be in error, because the sex of that infant is still a matter of doubt.

Mr. Church's illustration is truthfulness itself, and the result of many visits paid during the week to the menagerie. It has required a great deal of waiting and patience on the part of the artist to get not pretty nearly, but exactly what were precise conditions. Anybody, from a book of natural history, can draw a sea-horse; but nothing short of actual observation and careful study could produce a true picture of the mother and the baby hippopotamus. B. P.

LOS ANGELES.

Four hundred and eighty-three miles southeast from San Francisco, in the heart of southern California, the beautiful city of Los Angeles lies within the same parallels of latitude as the south coast of the Mediterranean Sea. It is situated twenty miles inland, about midway on the broad slope that extends from the San Gabriel Mountains down to the long combing breakers of the blue Pacific. Embowered in the dark green foliage of orange groves set off with golden fruit, amid a landscape diversified by russet and purple of wide vineyard spaces, El Pueblo de Nuestra Señora Reina de Los Angeles—to gives its full title to the town of Our Lady Queen of the Angels—stands 395 feet above sea-level, on the banks of the Los Angeles River, known in old times as the Porciúncula. Like other cities of the early Mexican days which have thriven and waxed great since the American occupation of California, Los Angeles retains a trace of the old Spanish-American type of buildings and town construction, combined with a far larger proportion of streets and structures of the most modern type.

Los Angeles was founded at an early period in those old California colonial days when Spain still held her American possessions intact, and there existed in this land on the Pacific slope the strange pastoral, half-splendid, half-barbarous life of the missions and the haciendas. In those primitive times the military commander, the Church officials, the civil functionaries, and the great ranch owners, representing the aristocracy of this unique civilization, dwelt amid a commonalty composed of a major element of mixed Spanish and Indian strain, and 20,000 full-blooded mission or Christianized Indians, the household servants and field laborers of the dominant race. Beyond the limits of this civilization were the wild Indian tribes, who usually kept their distance, but occasionally raised a breeze of warfare, and now and then in the remoter region, in the vicinity of the Colorado River particularly, annihilated some campaigning detachment of Spanish soldiers. The political divisions of California at that time were mainly defined by the mission boundaries. At the beginning of the present century there were a score or more of these establishments scattered between San Diego and San Francisco, owning vast flocks and herds, and carrying on, in addition to their proselytizing labors, an extensive commerce in pastoral products.

The old Mexican town of Los Angeles was built about a plaza, or public square, the corners of which pointed respectively north, south, east, and west, with streets leading from each corner at right angles with the adjoining side, "that no street might be swept by the wind"—an admirable plan, provided that the winds would be so obliging as to blow from the cardinal points of the compass, a considerateness of conduct that they have not invariably shown, in modern days at least. The town was founded in September, 1781, at which time, by direction of Governor Neve, there came to the Porciúncula, with their families, twelve settlers—soldiers who had served their time out in the Spanish garrisons, and were minded to try civilian life for a change. This band of colonists, forty-six in number, were Spanish in nationality, but their strain of blood contained a preponderating mixture of the dark-skinned races of the country; and to this population was added in later times a considerable Portuguese element, derived, probably, from shipwrecked sailors and deserters from whale ships. Having selected a spot by the river for those necessary features of settlements in this country, a dam and a ditch for irrigating purposes, they located the town near at hand on high ground, "in view of the sowing lands." Los Angeles was founded as a pueblo, or town, but near it, for the conversion of the aborigines, were the missions of San Gabriel and San Fernando.

The little original community increased and prospered, so that at the beginning of the present century its population had grown sixfold, and it was already important among the small and scattered Californian towns. It is noteworthy that its remarkable sanitary advantages were appreciated even then, and that among its residents were a considerable proportion of invalids from other Californian presidios. Los Angeles and the districts about it already contained more cattle and sheep than any other presidio in California, and the town was an emporium of the hide and tallow trade, its port being the roadstead of San Pedro, now Wilmington, twenty-two miles distant.

Its civil government was represented by an alcalde, or justice of the peace and mayor combined, and its military government—always superior in Spanish and Mexican times to the civil authority—by a comisionado, usually a sergeant at the head of the small garrison, who acted in subordination to the comandante at Santa Barbara. In 1821 the emancipation of Mexico from the dominion of Spain found Los Angeles a leading town on the Pacific coast, and the community had in 1835 attained such importance that President Barragon decreed that "the pueblo of Los Angeles, in Alta California, be erected into a city, and it will be in future the capital of the territory." Accordingly in that year the seat of government of California was removed from Monterey to Los Angeles.

As the residence of the Governor and his miniature court, the city became pre-eminent socially, and a favorite place of residence or resort for the wealthy Spaniards of California, and it naturally played a prominent part in the political and commercial rivalries and struggles of that territory. At the time of the American conquest, when all that is now San Francisco was represented by a little mission near the spot where the great city was to be founded, the population of Los Angeles and its suburbs, including surrounding ranches and missions, numbered 1800. It saw the beginning of the end of its political prominence on the afternoon of the 13th of August, 1846, when Commodore Robert F. Stockton, of the United States navy, marching with his marines and sailors from San Pedro, combined near its suburbs with the forces of Major John C. Fremont from San Diego, and entered the town, where, without opposition, the United States flag was raised with the usual ceremonies. The next year Monterey, the original seat of government, again became the capital of California.

Although the business of gold-mining in northern California engaged the attention of most of the early settlers that came after the occupation of the country by the United States, causing a phenomenally rapid growth of San Francisco and the country about it, Los Angeles from the first, owing to its genial climate, the fertile lands about it, and its position as the radiating point of trade and traffic for southern California, maintained a steady though not rapid increase. It was incorporated as a city in 1851, at which time it claimed 2500 inhabitants; and long afterward, in 1875, the United States government confirmed and patented to it, in recognition of its claims under the Mexican laws, the tract of four square leagues of land on which the city stands.

When the capabilities of southern California for orange-raising, vine-growing, and the production of small fruit became generally understood, the modern development of Los Angeles began. The diverging trails leading from the town to points along the coast of southern California have gradually but rapidly been succeeded by railways, and its favorable situation with respect to climate and productions of the soil has attracted to it a large and desirable class of immigrants from many parts of the world.

The town is built upon a plain, diversified with rolling hills divided by the Los Angeles River. Its principal highway is Main Street, which, with Spring Street diverging from it, and the parallel way of Los Angeles Street, forms the commercial centre of the town. The old Spanish quarter, known locally as "Sonora," consists of a plaza fronted by long arcades, back of which are a collection of the characteristic low, flat-roofed, adobe buildings, generally whitewashed; on the fronts of the dwelling-houses hang festoons of the red Chili peppers, so essential in the Spanish-American cuisine. About this district swarthy-skinned people sit or lean against the house sides indolently watching the tide of traffic, the scene being sometimes picturesquely enlivened by the appearance on the plaza of a reminder of the old times in the shape of a *caballero* (horseman) wearing a sombrero, and sporting saddle trappings of silver and huge spurs, who sits his steed with unbounded pride, and makes a fine display of equestrian dexterity.

The highway of traffic, Main Street, divides Los Angeles east and west, and First Street is the division line between the north and south portions of the town. There are about the city several spacious, finely located recreation grounds, the largest of which, the Elysian Park, contains 500 acres, as yet unimproved with reference to its purposes. Beautiful avenues extend to the foot-hills on the east and to the ocean on the west and south, it being only a pleasant drive of less than two hours either to the mountains or to the coast. In late years the improvement of the town has gone rapidly forward, and its precincts are the scene of great bustle and activity. Since 1886 nearly every business street has been paved with Belgian block, and the main residence thoroughfares generally have concrete pavements bordered with curbed cement sidewalks. An extensive sewerage system, costing $750,000, has recently been completed, adding to the naturally fine sanitary condition of the city. The growth of the town during the last decade has been remarkable. Its population of 11,183 inhabitants in 1880 has increased, according to the official returns of the census of 1890, to 50,394.

Eleven distinct lines of railroad focus at Los Angeles, which is reached from the north and east by the Southern Pacific Railway, and from the east and south by the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe Railway. From the town a number of short railroad lines branch westerly, northerly, and southerly to various points on the coast. Owing to the nature of its rural productions, mainly the fruits of orchards and vineyards, and the subdivision of lands into small holdings by the settlement upon them of colonies, the country about the town is well settled with an exceptionally intelligent rural population, and the entire county of Los Angeles presents an unusual example of agricultural prosperity.

A luxuriant growth of semi-tropical trees and plants embowers the entire residence part of the city. The palm flourishes, and notable sights are the rows of these picturesque trees lining San Pedro Street and the avenue leading to Longstreet Place. The general architectural type of the residences, which embrace a great variety of forms of construction, is of a character suitable to the climate and surroundings, and the city presents an unusual and attractive appearance. It is a town of beautiful homes, large and small, from the modest cottage hidden to the roof in a splendor of roses, to the great Crocker mansion, standing retired from the highway in the spacious expanse of its superbly decorated grounds.

Figueroa, San Pedro, Pico, and other city streets bear in their names a reminder of the old Spanish days, and it is interesting to visit the plaza to see the massive, picturesque old church built in the first quarter of the present century, and formally dedicated December 8, 1822. It is chronicled that, under the moving appeals of Padre Payera, special efforts and contributions were made to bring this edifice to completion. The different Californian missions contributed cattle, laborers, and other helps toward the building of the church, including much brandy, which the patriotically pious Los Angeles citizens bought and drank in unusual quantities, besides furnishing the necessary timber for the structure.

Notable among the modern buildings of the city are the City Hall and Library—a fine building, which in its proportions combines convenience for its public uses with a satisfactory adaptation to the architectural elements most fitting to the natural conditions of the country. A view of the city, looking southeast, shows a densely settled business quarter, in which many of the buildings exhibiting the low roof and arcades of the old Spanish style are intermingled with more lofty structures reared on the modern plan of American business houses. The palm-trees, the wide verandas, and the spaciousness of landscape surroundings common to the residence part of the town are combined with an individuality of architectural design that presents a novel but not unpleasing commingling of styles.

Among the edifices now in the course of construction in Los Angeles may be mentioned the new Court-house, which will cost $500,000, and the new Federal Building, for which the estimated expense of construction is $450,000. The town contains a United States land-office, and is the head-quarters of the United States Military Department of Arizona, which includes New Mexico and southern California. Los Angeles numbers 40 churches within its limits, and is the seat of a Roman Catholic bishopric. There are six hospitals in the town. Its leading places for public amusement are the Grand Opera-house, the Los Angeles Theatre, and the Academy of Music. It has good public schools; and here also are situated a branch of the State Normal School and many private schools of high character. There are published in Los Angeles six daily and 20 weekly newspapers, and one semi-monthly and six monthly periodicals. Twelve million dollars are invested in manufactures, the leading industry being the making of pressed bricks and work in terra-cotta. Its Chamber of Commerce and the Board of Trade are energetic and flourishing organizations; the last-named association occupies a fine building of its own in the business centre of the city. Between the town and Santa Monica, on a beautiful tract 300 acres in extent, is the National Home for Disabled Volunteers, for the construction of which Congress has appropriated $190,000, and the citizens of Los Angeles have contributed $100,000. Several of its buildings, with accommodations for 200 soldiers each, have been completed, and others are in process of erection.

The town is lighted by an electric system, and contains unusually complete facilities for local passenger transportation in the form of horse, electric, and cable street railways. Besides the old-time *zangas* (irrigating ditches), there are four systems of water supply. One of these, by means of cement and iron pipes buried underground, leads water from reservoirs throughout the city for the irrigation of land. The other three systems supply water through pipes for domestic use respectively in the west and south, the northwest, and the eastern parts of the city. One of these last-named systems obtains its water from the Los Angeles River, and the other two from living springs, and the supply from all of these sources is good and ample.

The climate of Los Angeles is one of the most favored on earth. The mountains east of the city curve in a long crescent to the sea on the north and the south, shutting out alike cold winds from the north and hot desert breezes from the south and east. The land and sea breezes, each gratefully tempered, blow alternately by day and by night during much of the year. The Kuro-Siwo, a warm ocean current from the coast of Japan, modifies the coolness of the winter winds from the Pacific, and the prevailing temperature of Los Angeles throughout the year ranges between 60° and 80° Fahr., with occasional greater changes of heat or cold. Very rarely during the winter months a thin shell of ice or a little snow is seen in mornings in exposed places. In this marvellous climate nearly every tree and plant of the temperate and of the semi-tropical zones finds a congenial home.

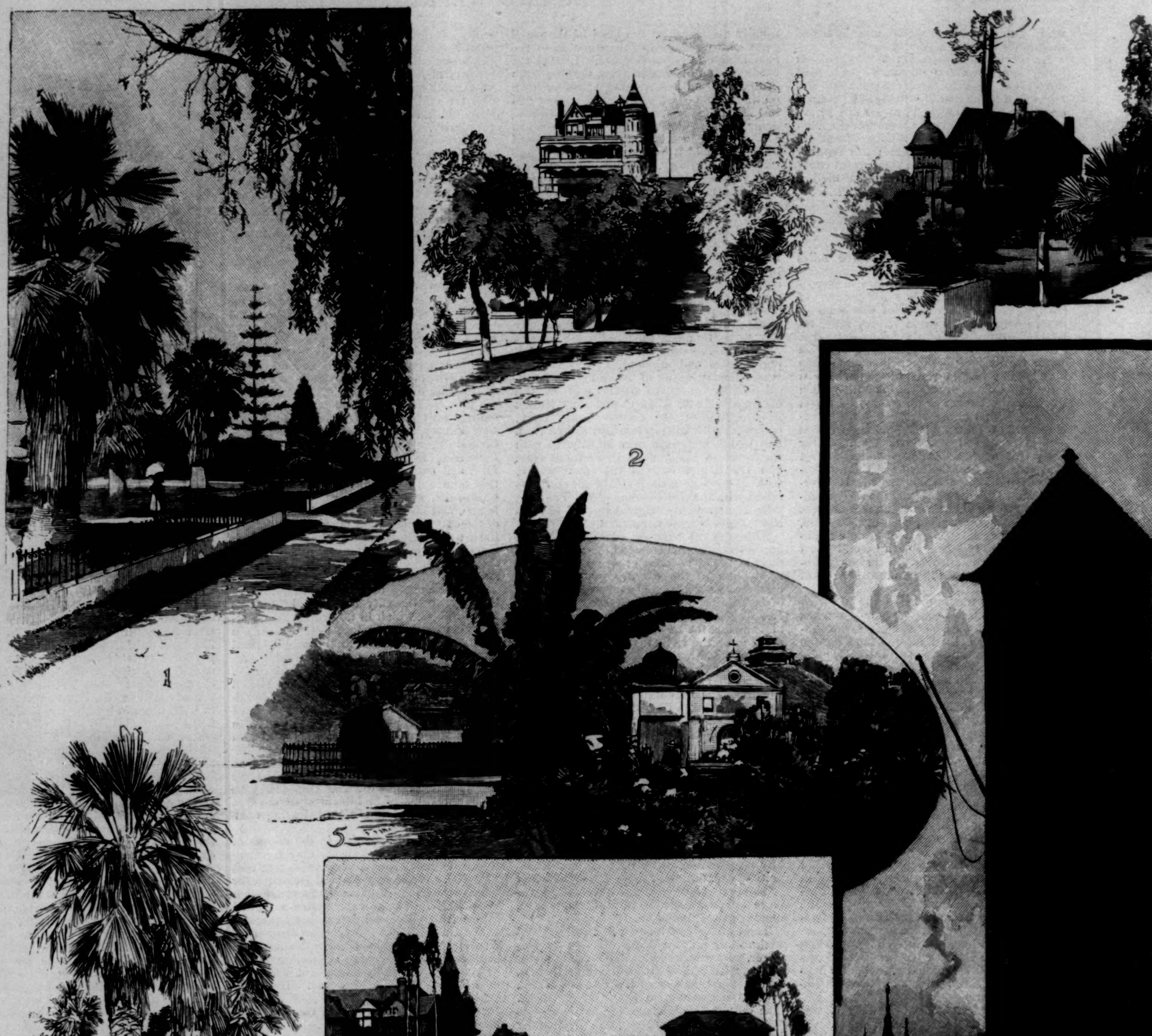
Amid the wealth of foliage and blooming flowers that adorn the plots of ground about the residence houses, a noteworthy ornamental feature is the pepper-tree, with its scarlet berries and fern-like leaves. Here also are found in profusion the palm, the Mexican nopal and cactus, the Mexican aloe and Spanish-bayonet. These characteristics of the city houses are conspicuously increased in the outskirts of the town, in which the larger residences are found. Here beautiful villas stand amid plantations of lemon and orange trees, kept in condition by irrigation; and about the lawns, palms, India-rubber trees, and groups of tall plume-like bananas, intermingled with clumps of the low-stemmed sturdy arbor-vitæ, grow freely. These houses, embowered in myrtle, orange-trees, and vines, in their setting of dark glossy foliage, glowing-tinted fruit, and red roses, present an attractiveness suggesting the realization of an earthly paradise.

Under the conditions of its rapid growth the signs of house-building are everywhere seen about Los Angeles. Its banking business is extensive, there being no fewer than fifteen banks within its limits; and the town is the seat and centre of the orange trade. Most of the fruit handled there comes from the surrounding country, and is largely raised by the communities that have settled in tracts on the colony system. The Los Angeles River is the source of fruitfulness to the town and its environs, for although vegetation in favored seasons may flourish without artificially applied water, irrigation is deemed essential to permanent productiveness. The river flows through a shallow bed, which, like most California river channels, is disproportionately wide for the amount of water usually seen rippling along the centre of its channel of gray sand and bowlders. From it lead small canals, that supply the *zangas*, or irrigating ditches, the whole water system being controlled by the city authorities, whose executive official is the zangero, or ditch-overseer. Other canals lead from the river twelve miles above.

The view from the city of the surrounding country is enchanting. The more formal landscape features of rows of orange and eucalyptus trees within the town merge beyond the suburb into the unstudied effect of the masses of green and russet tints presented by the orange orchards and vineyards. Across the river are the Boyle Heights, which rise to the level of a wide rolling table-land extending back to the San Gabriel Mountains. On every other side the foliage of orange groves, like patches of woodland, undulates against the sky-line. Away beyond these are the wide cultivated areas of the great wheat farms. In one direction is the great Sunny Slope estate, with its vast orange groves and its vineyards, from which are made great quantities of wine and brandy. The laborers employed on these estates are chiefly Mexicans and Chinamen, who display a marked aptitude for this class of work.

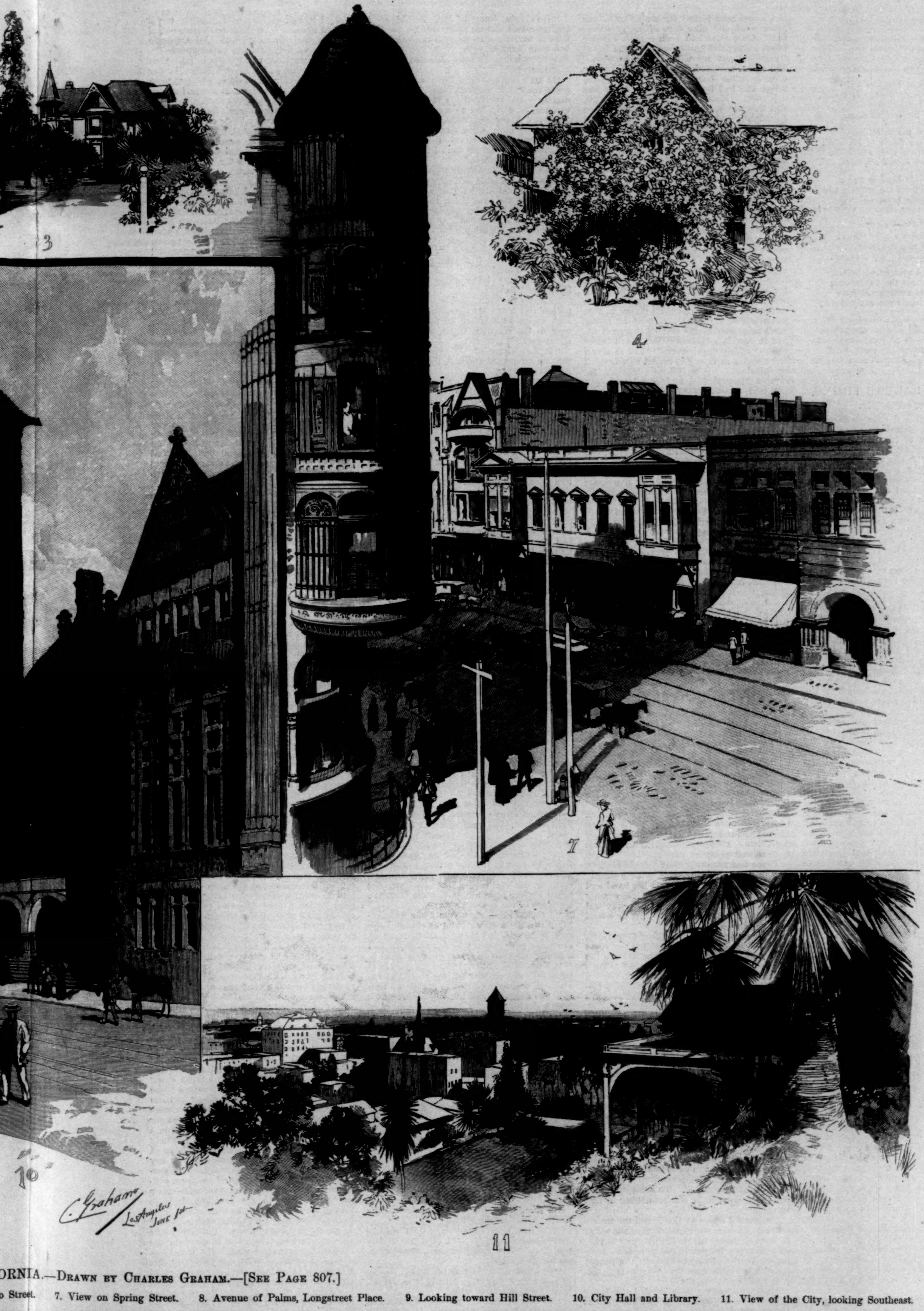
Los Angeles is the central point of many charming environing places. Ten miles inland beautiful Pasadena rests at the base of the San Gabriel Mountains, and upon a plain at the mountains' foot is the old village and mission church of San Gabriel, an establishment twenty years older than Los Angeles—it dates from the year 1761—founded, like the neighboring mission of San Fernando, by friars from the college of San Fernando in the city of Mexico. Set about with pepper-trees are standing the massive buildings with battlements and curious old-fashioned architectural details. There still may be seen the six ancient brazen bells of the mission chimes, and within the walls are a few old religious pictures; without, the broken ruins of an aqueduct and some venerable orange-trees in the garden survive as memorials of the early days. The mission lands were confiscated by the Mexican government in 1833, and the edifices themselves were sold in 1846, immediately prior to the American occupation.

Due west from Los Angeles, sixteen miles away, is the lovely sea-side resort, Santa Monica, with its bluff, beach, wharf, fine hotel, and surf bathing the year round. The little port of Wilmington, once San Pedro, lies on the southwest, and it is not a long trip to Ventura County, famous for its bees and honey. Due south a railroad leads to Long Beach on the coast—a Pacific Chautauqua, a meeting-place of literary societies, and a favorite resort of people of culture from the State and abroad. Longer excursions by rail may easily be made to Riverside, with its orange groves and streets lined with magnolia-trees, or to San Diego, with its bustling life and its great hotel, "The Coronado." The visitor may take the cars for Santa Barbara in the northwest, passing through the community in which was laid the scene of Helen Hunt Jackson's story of *Ramona*, or may go on the Southern Pacific road into northern California through the marvellous loop of Tehachapi Pass. Thirteen miles away, toward the mountains, lying at an altitude of 1700 feet, is the famous Sierra Madre Villa, situated in the midst of an orange grove and grounds set out with fine fruit and flowers. Clarence Pullen.



THE CITY OF LOS ANGELES, CALIFOR

1. Lawn on Figueroa Street. 2. The Crocker Mansion. 3. Typical Houses. 4. Smothered in Roses. 5. The Plaza and the Mission Church. 6. Palms on San Pedro St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C. Graham
Los Angeles
June 1st

ORNIA.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 807.]

o Street. 7. View on Spring Street. 8. Avenue of Palms, Longstreet Place. 9. Looking toward Hill Street. 10. City Hall and Library. 11. View of the City, looking Southeast.

AT THE GOAL.

THEY found him in the silent place
By his own fancy peopled fair,
Where gleamed on many a pictured face
The light his own had ceased to wear.

Yet in the sightless eyes the while
There seemed some ecstasy of trance,
And on the rigid mouth a smile
Of more than life's significance.

They looked upon the painted scene
Fraught with the magic of his mind,
The outlined purpose, clear and keen,
That never now should sequence find.

Alas—they said—his hand is still
That shadowed forth the growing thought!
Powerless his subtle brain and will
That life to deeper meaning wrought!

Alas! alas!—again they cried—
To miss the vision almost found!
To fall upon the mountain-side
So near the summit glory-crowned!

But still the dead eyes gazed before,
Like one who sees the happy end;
And still the face transfigured wore
The look they could not comprehend;

For they that o'er him sorrowing bent,
And mourned the life too early done,
Wist not the smile's pale rapture meant
The dream fulfilled, the glory won!

KATE PUTNAM OSGOOD.

GRANDMA BAKER'S THUMB.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

"WHEN is that girl over to Manning's a-goin' home?" demanded old Mrs. Baker, in an aggrieved tone, of her grandson Rudolphus, who was meditatively whittling upon the door-stone. "If she keeps school, why ain't she a-doin' of it, instid of spendin' her time a-traipsin' round here?"

Rudolphus pretended not to hear—a provoking habit of his.

"It's time she was earnin' herself some decent clo'es, if all she's got is the rigs she wears round here," continued the querulous old voice from the bedroom. "Last time she came over here—time you was down to the cramb'rỳ medder—she had on a little mite of a white cap atop of her yaller hair, and a blue and white flannel dress striped like a zebry, with the top of it made jest like a sailor's blouse, and there was anchors sewed on to it. I put my head out of the winder, an' says I, 'Be you aboard of the navy?' She laughed jest as pleasant as could be, though the girl that was with her, and was dressed pretty much the same ridickerlous way, she flushed up, and looked real mad. Says old Mis' Nickerson, that was a-settin' here with me, says she, ''Twon't do for her to be mad, seein' she's a-gettin' Rudolphus.' 'You hadn't ought to talk so, Mis' Nickerson,' says I, 'when everybody knows that Rudolphus has been keepin' company with Aurilly Cleaves these two years, 'n' she's hooked six rugs, 'n' made a beautiful worsted motto that says, "God bless our home," to say nothin' of sheets 'n' tablecloths that would do your heart good to see, 'n' five hundred dollars in the bank, 'n' a cramb'ry medder j'inin' ours.' 'She's a ketch for any young man, Aurilly is,' says Mis' Nickerson; 'but the other one, she's a tyrant.' 'N' I declare if that girl don't make me think of one of them creturs with fishes' tails that folks used to tell about that comes it over sailors. Rudolphus! Rudolphus! I declare when folks is helpless this is the way they're treated. 'Twa'n't so when 'twas t'other way, 'n' I had to care for you."

This pathetic reminder was lost upon Rudolphus, who was climbing the light-house stairs, not to attend to the lamp, which, in its daylight covering, was like a huge sheeted ghost, with no sign of the unwinking eye which kept nightly watch over dreary sand dunes, a half-hidden, gnawing rock ledge, and the endless shifting waves. Rudolphus turned the spy-glass toward Manning's Point, in the hope of catching a glimpse of the "zebry" dress which had offended his grandmother. Manning's Point was but a dreary waste without those fluttering stripes. Grandmother Baker had been bedridden for nearly a year, having had a paralytic shock; it was agreeable to reflect that she could not climb the light-house stairs to see the direction in which that spy-glass was pointed. And her thin, shrill tones could not penetrate the iron door or the brick walls of the light-house; nevertheless the reflection that she was still talking caused Rudolphus to wipe his brow wearily. He was a brawny six-footer, but his blue eyes were mild, and something gave him a submissive aspect; it may have been his stooping shoulders, but people generally ascribed it to living with Grandma Baker. She was but a morsel of a woman, and almost ninety, and her face was like a little withered apple, but a spark still lurked in the depths of her deeply sunken black eyes, and her strong sharp chin looked like a challenge to time and fate.

Rudolphus, meditating in the light-house tower while the fog settled sadly down upon Manning's Point, felt in himself the strength to conquer poverty, ignorance, obscurity, but there remained the depressing conviction that Grandma Baker would be too much for him.

He knew that it was his duty to go at once, for the fog was thickening, and bring Aurilly Cleaves over from "the main" to do the house-work and take care of his grandmother. Guly Silva had been a most capable house-keeper and nurse, but Grandma Baker "couldn't put up with Portergee ways." She had discovered this as soon as Aurilly Cleaves came home from Provincetown, where she had been visiting, and Guly was dismissed. No one but Aurilly would do, and this was somewhat embarrassing, since Rudolphus had been aware of Aurilly's red cheeks and curly hair, and had escorted those charms to the harbor picnics and to singing schools, until Mary Hobart, from New Bedford, had come down to Manning's Point to spend the summer, and cast them utterly into eclipse.

"Keeping company" was the equivalent of being engaged in Dangerfield society. Rudolphus was aware that he might have at one time permanently attached himself to the curls and red cheeks, if Aurilly had not had an unpleasant habit of commenting severely upon the "shiftlessness" of young men who had "no stiddy trade." She disapproved of his taking the Methodist melodeon to pieces and putting it together again for nothing, and although clock-repairing was not likely to prove a very remunerative calling in so sparsely settled a region, it was, nevertheless, very short-sighted to repair one's neighbors' clocks and not charge at all, and in Aurilly's opinion it was much better to do "stiddy days' works" than to spend one's nights in trying to invent new-fangled machinery.

Now Mary Hobart understood and sympathized; she predicted success for the inventions, and Rudolphus had made the mature discovery that congenial tastes are more satisfying, in the long-run, than curls and red cheeks.

It was Aurilly's influence which had led him to secure the position of light-house keeper, a step which he constantly regretted. The immediate cause had been Grandma Baker's uncontrollable desire to "live under gover'munt. Them that was under gover'munt was always sure of their pay." But Grandma Baker, in her normal state of mind, liked "to see passin'," and abhorred isolation, and it was perfectly clear to Rudolphus's mind that Aurilly had her ear. Aurilly was one of the few people who could influence Grandma Baker; she had five hundred dollars in the bank and a cranberry meadow, and grandma respected "proputty." When the fog had entirely swallowed the Point, with all its possibilities, Rudolphus hurried down stairs, and put off in his row-boat from the sandy beach of the little island. Grandma's voice had followed him through the house. "Folks that flew in the face of Proverdunce," was the burden of her discourse. "Them j'inin' cramb'ry medders" were providential guides to matrimony, in Grandma Baker's opinion. Aurilly, with her small and thrifty trunk, came back with him in the boat. She had an air of injured dignity—rumors of the attraction at Manning's Point had spread as far as Provincetown—and it seemed to Rudolphus that her hair curled more crisply and her cheeks were redder than ever. Sitting on her trunk in the stern, she loomed through the fog like an avenging fate. How could he ever— But there are no explanations vouchsafed to puzzled humanity of its own glamours when they have vanished.

"I expect I might as well have staid down to Provincetown. Folks seem to be getting along well enough without me up here," said Aurilly, when Rudolphus had declined to rise to less direct personal bait.

There were tears twinkling upon her lashes, and Rudolphus felt himself to be a deeply dyed villain. He *had* pressed her hand and her waist, and whispered soft nothings in her ear; if she had not been so business-like and so disapproving of his way of life, he would now be a lost man.

"I'm goin' up to New Bedford to-morrow, Aurilly," he said. "I'm goin' 'long of some folks that have been summerin' over to the Point. I'm goin' to try to get a patent on a lamp-burner that I've been workin' on. I expect it 'll amount to something. Miss Hobart's uncle is a patent lawyer; that's—that's why I'm goin' with her."

And then Rudolphus knew himself to be a blacker villain than ever. But grandma must be pacified; he must depend on Aurilly for that office.

"I expect you'd better stay to home; there's a hundred fails where one makes out with them patent fixin's," said Aurilly. But her tone was somewhat mollified; perhaps it struck her as being too much so, for she hastened to add: "I expect them patent men won't do nothing for you 'thout you court their nieces. It's surprisin' how handy business does come to some folks that hain't never been off'm the Cape!"

It was evident that not much of an ally against grandma was to be looked for in that quarter. But Rudolphus resolved to strengthen his fainting courage. To some extent his cause was just; there *was* something in that lamp-burner.

He worked away at the finishing touches all that evening, while Aurilly hooked a rug in lonely industry beside the living-room fire, and grandma heroically postponed the hearing of Aurilly's budget of gossip, in the vain hope that Rudolphus was "courting" Aurilly and her "proputty."

He hurried off at noon, with but a hasty explanation to grandma, to take the train at the nearest station.

"He's goin' 'long of that stripèd girl," said grandma, sitting up in bed for the first time in months, with the sparks gleaming in her little sunken eyes. "If you'd had a mite of spunk you'd have hindered him, Aurilly Cleaves."

"I ain't drove so hard for a beau that I've got to hold on to no man," said Aurilly, with dignity. But she furtively raised her apron to her eyes; and, after a moment, she added: "I don't know but what Proverdunce is a-hindering him. Joey Atwood says that a freight train got stove up on the track, and the afternoon train up can't leave Provincetown till four o'clock."

Grandma Baker silently picked at the bedclothes with her little bird-claw hands. Some people said that that habit of grandma's was a sign that she was going to die; but she picked chiefly when her mind was very active.

"I expect Rudolphus give you a sight of charges about the lamp, didn't he, Aurilly?" was the first thing she said. "Rudolphus is one that feels responserbility. I don't know what he would do if anything should happen to the light."

"I ain't one to let anything happen to the light," said Aurilly.

"I know you ain't, Aurilly. I didn't mean nothin' like that," said grandma. "It 'll be nigh about dark before he takes the train over to the Walwich depot, won't it—nigh about dark?"

"It 'll be along into the evening; but they won't care nothin' about it, them two," said Aurilly, bitterly.

"Along into the evening," repeated grandma, meditatively; and she offered no consolation to Aurilly, although she was wont to feel that one could not be too considerate to the owner of a cranberry meadow and five hundred dollars in the bank. She sat up in bed, with the spark in her eyes growing brighter and brighter, and picked away at the bedclothes in a way that almost "gave Aurilly a turn," as she afterward confided to a friend. And then suddenly she wanted flapjacks for supper. "There hadn't been no taste to her victnals," but if Aurilly would make some flapjacks, she thought she could eat them. And when Aurilly, having lighted the lamp as carefully as if she had had no thought of the pair who would see its rays from the Walwich station, prepared to get supper, grandma earnestly enjoined her to keep the kitchen door closed, lest "smelling 'em beforehand should set her agin 'em."

While Aurilly made flapjacks with the kitchen door closed, grandma got out of bed and stood upon her feet.

"It's jest as that healin' woman said; if you can only believe that you hain't got no body nor no feelin's, why, you hain't. It had ought to be easier for me than for folks that's got more of a body." And grandma laughed grimly at her joke as she hitched along, shaking, shaking, like a leaf in the wind, catching for support at chairs and table, her little withered face beaded as with drops of rain. When it came to the light-house stairs it was worse.

"I've got to believe I'm a sperit, nothin' but jest a sperit, or I never shall do it," groaned the suffering old woman. "And I've been such a dretful long while about it that Aurilly 'll get the flapjacks done, and be comin' to see where I be; and like as not 'twon't be no use, after all. Mebbe he'll be too kerried away to notice whether there's a light or not; but that wouldn't be Rudolphus."

Aurilly was too deep in thought to be in a hurry; moreover, it was her way to have the flapjacks done to just the proper brownness, and carefully sprinkled with sugar and cinnamon. As she turned the last one, she heard a queer little bumping noise from the direction of the tower.

"I should think some young one was sliding down them stairs bumpity-bump," she said to herself, and thought no more about the noise, perhaps because her thoughts had a strong tendency to revert to Rudolphus.

"Why, Mis' Baker, you're all pale and tremblin', and dretful het up, too," she exclaimed, when she carried to grandma's bedside the flapjacks and the cup of strong tea which she loved.

"I had kind of—kind of a sinkin' spell," gasped Grandma Baker; "but I fit it off. You jest set right here by me, Aurilly. You won't want to go out doors; it's dretful raw. I ain't a-goin' to die yet, Aurilly, you needn't think I be."

But, in spite of this assurance, Aurilly was alarmed by Grandma Baker's altered appearance and her strange agitation, and obeyed her injunction to sit beside her as constantly as possible. Toward eight o'clock Rudolphus came rushing in. It was raining, and he was drenched. He had come on foot over sand hills and through swamps.

"What is the matter with the light?" he gasped.

"I lit it jest as you told me. There ain't nothin' the matter that I know of," said Aurilly.

He flung open the door, and showed the tower as dark as the grave.

"I'm sure I don't know how it come to go out," faltered Aurilly. "I lit it jest as you told me." She followed him, wondering, up the dark stairs.

The great flame leaped up under Rudolphus's angry fingers. Aurilly was frightened, his face was so white.

"It was lighted. I saw it. I waited at the station for over two hours. I saw it go out. I waited as long as I dared to see it lighted again. It couldn't have gone out of itself; somebody put it out. I'd ought to have known better than to have trusted—"

Aurilly went down the stairs in indignant silence. Little old Grandma Baker, in her bed, chuckled almost audibly. She beckoned Rudolphus to her as soon as she had an opportunity for privacy.

"'Twould tech most men's feelin's to have a girl do such a resky thing as that to get him back to her," she said.

"A girl ought to be ashamed of herself that would disgrace a man like that!" said Rudolphus, hotly. "As for what she did it for—well, a man wants to do his own courtin'."

Some confidences had been exchanged between him and Mary Hobart in that long waiting at the Walwich station, with the result that Mary had said that he ought to go back to Aurilly. He had declined to do this until the light went out in the tower. Then he had allowed Mary to take his model to her uncle, the patent solicitor. There would be no need for him to go for some time.

Grandma was secretly exultant when she heard this, but Rudolphus chafed under the chains of duty and was cross. Aurilly had an injured air and red rims around her eyes, and even sanguine Grandma Baker could not say that there was any "courtin'." Rudolphus took his own parlor organ to pieces and put it together again, which was not a good sign, and he went over to Walwich and repaired the Baptist church clock for nothing as usual. And Grandma Baker wept when the minister came to see her, because "her posterity hadn't the fear of God before their eyes."

When at length he heard from his invention Rudolphus had not the strength of mind to keep the news from grandma. He felt reckless, and even grandma's reminiscences of Joel Freets, who "went crazy a-tryin' to get up a new way of tryin' out cod-liver oil, and died on the town," failed to increase his misery. The invention was not new; another man had patented it before him; and electricity was so rapidly superseding oil for lighting that it was likely to prove of little value in any case.

"I guess I'd better stick to tinkerin' clocks," said Rudolphus, bitterly. "I'll go round with a big one on my back for a sign, like Jud Atkins."

"Jud was a stiddy, likely fellow, and made a good livin'," said Aurilly, severely.

"The works of the Lord is better than the works of man," said grandma, piously. "Cramb'ries will always fetch their price."

This hint, like many another of grandma's, produced no apparent effect, but she was sure that a young man with no more flattering prospects in life than Rudolphus would not long be blind to the desirability of securing a wife with "proputty." She felt herself to be an ally of Providence, and was ready to climb the light-house stairs again if there were any occasion, although she had suffered frightful pains in consequence of that expedition. But, alas for grandma's faith in Providence! Only a few weeks after the overthrow of Rudolphus's hopes, and after he had worked to secure Aurilly's cranberries from the frost with a zeal which, to grandma's mind, promised much, the brig *Fortunatus* dropped anchor in the harbor, with Smith Kingsbury on board. Smith had been reported to have been drowned in the wreck of a vessel six years before, but instead of being food for fishes, he had come home from Australia with five thousand dollars in solid cash, and it was reported that he meant to buy out the harbor store, and build himself a fine house on the main street. Before he went away, Smith had "kept company" with Aurilly Cleaves; people began to say now that if she were not going to marry Rudolphus Baker, perhaps she might do better.

Aurilly combed her hair into twice the ordinary number of ringlets, and rubbed her cheeks with a piece of flannel, and went to a harvest party with Smith, and then he immediately bought a handsome top buggy and a high-stepping horse, and took her to drive.

Aurilly privately packed her trunk not long after these events, and one fine morning she took her leave of Rudolphus. "I kind of thought 'twas prudent not to let on to grandma that I was goin', bein' she's so easy upset," she said. "And she has kind of got an idee into her head that you and me was keepin' company. I'm sure I don't know how she come to, for I never was one to be willin' to resk my bread and butter to them patent fixin's, and a girl that has got some property of her own has got a right to look for something kind of solid and substantial in a husband, if I do say it. I've got Lucindy Mitchell to come over 'n' take my place. I thought this would be as good a day as any for me to go, for you know at the anniversary town meetin' they voted to hire a carriage to send Aunt Keziah Plummer—she's my great-aunt—to see grandma, because they're about of an age, and the oldest folks in town, and they hain't seen each other for as much as twenty years. I thought like enough you hadn't heard of it, not bein' the kind that goes to town meetin'." There was a tinge of contempt in Aurilly's voice. "Mr. Kingsbury he told me, and I thought 'twould be best to surprise grandma, and kind of take her mind off of—off of things not turnin' out jest as she wanted 'em to. There ain't no reason why you and me shouldn't part friends, Rudolphus"—Aurilly extended her hand graciously—"and I do hope you'll get a good wife, with a faculty to keep things goin', for that's what you need."

Rudolphus winced sensitively at this thrust. He thought to himself that it was deserved, and it caused him to straighten his shoulders as he went to break the news of Aurilly's departure and of the prospective visitor to his grandmother.

"Lucindy Mitchell! What business has she a-sendin' her here? If I want Lucindy Mitchell, I can send for her. I hired her once, and she wasted good victuals and scum off the cream to take off her freckles, and was always a-starchin' her own petticoats." Grandma sat up in bed, and her little witch-like face quivered with anger. "If you'd a-courted Aurilly up spry, like a man, I should 'a' had somebody to depend upon. Here I be, bedrid on a founderin' bark, as you might say, and nobody to come nigh me. Keziah Plummer a-comin' to see me? I don't want to see Keziah Plummer. What if I hain't seen her for twenty years? I don't care if it's forty. There's a sight of folks in this world that I hain't seen at all. And I ain't so put to it to invite company that the town has got to do it for me! She ain't so old as I be, not nigh. She was never one that you could depend on what she said. She used to dress-make, and lived round, here and there, a-tattlin' her board. It's jest like her to pretend she's dretful old to make folks notice her. She used to pretend she was dyin' sick. She said she got the lung-fever from wearin' borrered nightcaps that wa'n't aired, and the minister's wife—she was kind of a peaked little thing—she cried all one meetin'-time because 'twas her nightcaps that Keziah meant. They took it in to church-meetin', and it like to broke up the church. I don't ask the town to pick company for me, and Keziah Plummer wouldn't never be my ch'ice. She's an old maid of all the earth. I don't believe she ever had a chance, without 'twas 'Lias Ramsdell, that was underwitted. If they go to blowin' horns for you to go off in the boat to fetch Keziah Plummer over to see me, don't you take a mite of notice."

But there were no horns blown. The town, determined to do things handsomely, had provided a boat, and Deacon Cyrus Doane, the blandest of the select-men, accompanied the visitor.

"This is a very *interestin'* occasion, Mis' Baker," said Deacon Doane, rubbing his hands in innocent satisfaction at being the representative of the town's liberality.

"I don't see nothin' so dretful interestin' about it," said grandma. She had declined to follow Rudolphus's suggestion that she should have her best cap put on, and her little withered face frowned at her visitors under a black silk skull-cap, whose severity could not be said to be becoming.

Miss Plummer was a little woman also, and her back was bent like a bow, but her head was so disproportionately large that she looked like a gnome in a picture-book, and her voice was so harsh and gruff that it seemed remarkable that it could come from so small a body. Her manner was timid and deprecating, and she wiped her eyes as she advanced to grandma's bedside.

"Land sake! what be you a-cryin' for, Keziah Plummer?" demanded grandma.

"I—I hain't seen you for more'n twenty years, and the last time was to little Phœbe Jane's funeral," said Miss Plummer, her harsh voice breaking.

"I've been to a sight of funerals," said grandma, grimly, but the muscles of her old face quivered. "I've got plenty of troubles that ain't dead 'n' gone ones. Where's that good-for-nothin' niece of yours, Aurilly Cleaves, traipsed off to without givin' me a mite of warnin'?"

"Girls will get married," said Miss Plummer, apologetically; "and she's got a real good chance."

"Get married? Who's she a-goin' to get married to?" cried Grandma Baker.

"Hain't you heard that her old beau, Smith Kingsbury, has got home—him that she wore a mournin' bonnet for?"

"A mournin' bonnet? What do I care about her mournin' bonnets?" cried grandma, shrilly. "She was keepin' comp'ny with my grandson."

"I expect she hadn't ought to," said Miss Plummer, mildly; "but seein' she'd wore a mournin' bonnet for him—"

"She's terrible set up with the little mite of proputty she's got. 'Tain't as if Rudolphus couldn't look higher. There's one of the first ladies in New Bedford a-tryin' her best to get him." (The outer door was heard to close as Rudolphus went out.)

"I hain't a mite of doubt of it," said Miss Plummer, pacifically. "I always heard Rudolphus was real smart, and I thought Aurilly would be doin' real well to have him, but seems as if after she'd wore a mournin' bonnet for the other one—"

"You never heard that Rudolphus was real smart; 'tain't no such a thing!" said Grandma Baker, sharply. "He's kep' his head above water because I've kep' a-yankin' him, that's all the reason. He ain't much, but he's good enough for Aurilly Cleaves."

"I always said Aurilly couldn't do better'n to have him," repeated Miss Plummer, meekly.

"You're dretful polite," said Grandma Baker, sarcastically. "When you're as old as I be, you'll find out that talk don't go a great ways. You ain't a day more'n eighty-five, if you be that."

Grandma Baker made this last remark with such an air of direct attack that the placid old blood arose to Miss Plummer's withered cheeks.

"I shall be ninety come my next birthday. I'm six weeks older'n what you be, and I always was." Miss Plummer arose from her chair, and her little bent back seemed to straighten, and the volume of her voice was wonderful. "You're a terrible old woman, Grandmarm Baker, and you always was! You've sot on all your folks till you've sot the sperit clear'n out of 'em. Where's your first husband, young 'Lias Appleby, that you drove off to Californy, and he got killed in the mines before he was twenty-five? Where's your boy Hiram, that run away to sea and got drownded? Where's Mary Ellen, that you made her marry a man she hated and died broken-hearted? Where's your granddaughter Lyddy, that had to wear clothes jest like an old woman, and never went nowhere with the rest of the girls till she run away with a scamp? Where's Mary Olive, that you made her keep school, walkin' ten miles a day, when she wa'n't hardly fit to lift her hand, and died in consumption? Where's Rudolphus's father, that you harried into his grave, because he wa'n't so smart as some? You've had all them folks, and here you be without nobody but Rudolphus, and folks do say you've got every mite of spunk and sprawl out of him. You've had all of 'em under your thumb, but they'll rise up agin you at the jedgment day. They'll come a-troopin' up before the Lord, them that you've ground down and harried out of their lives, and where 'll *you* be then?"

Grandma Baker actually shrank back, cowed and trembling, while Miss Plummer's withered forefinger was shaken in her very face.

"Ladies! ladies!" exclaimed poor Deacon Doane, in great distress. "It seems a pity that after the town's bein' so liberal, this occasion shouldn't be more—propit-i-ous. Mebbe we'd better be a-goin', Miss Plummer. Seems as if it had ought to tend to edification when mothers in Isr'el meet, but—" The good deacon completed his sentence by a mournful shaking of the head.

Miss Plummer's dramatic vigor had given way as suddenly as it arose. She was weeping helplessly, and as she followed Deacon Doane she looked a more bent and shrunken little figure than ever.

Grandma Baker still sat up in bed, staring at the door by which her visitors had gone out. When Rudolphus came in, he thought her half delirious.

"I never done what she said, did I, Rudolphus?" she said, her old face working pitifully. "She's a lyin' old woman, ain't she? I couldn't have kep' folks under my thumb, it's such a little mite of a one." She held up her small, withered thumb in proof of her innocence. "I done the for-best always. I was smarter'n the rest of my folks, and if they would have been said by me, things would have been different. But they was dretful headstrong, every one of 'em; that was why things went wrong. It was, wa'n't it, Rudolphus?" Grandma looked up at her grandson with a wistful look which changed her whole face. "Jest think of her namin' 'em over to me, all them that's gone. I say 'em over to myself, often enough, a-layin' here alone, but 'twas different to have her. What a cur'us world it is, when folks can see no wrong, and blame folks that always done their best. I got so nervous when she was a-talkin' that way to me that my little mite of a thumb looked jest like a great meetin'-house steeple that had fell atop of folks, and crushed 'em right down, as she said. 'Twa'n't so, not a mite so, was it, Rudolphus? If they'd have been said by me, things would all have gone right. Why don't you say that you think they would, Rudolphus?"

"I think it's a queer, mixed-up kind of a world, and maybe there are more that mean to do right than folks think," said Rudolphus, somewhat lamely.

"I meant to, always," said grandma. "And she hadn't no business to come here, and heave it in my face that things went wrong with my folks. They was headstrong, every one of 'em. Seemed as if I couldn't have things go wrong with you, Rudolphus—you that's the last one of all. That's why I put out the light. Yes, 'twa'n't Aurilly; 'twas me, for all you don't believe it. I climb up them stairs, and I slid down bumpity-bump. I don't know now how I ever done it, and I hain't never felt jest the same sence. But I never was one to value what I done for my folks; I knew 'twould fetch you back, and I thought mebbe 'twould kind of tech you to think Aurilly thought enough of you to do sech a thing. But nothin' won't seem to go right for me. It only seemed to turn you agin her."

"It didn't make any difference, grandma," said Rudolphus, consolingly.

"You was set agin her anyway; seemed as if 'twas jest because she had proputty—cramb'ries, too, that'll always fetch their price. But, there! all my folks was headstrong. And Aurilly's gone with the beau that she wore the mournin' bonnet for! That old maid like to have drove me crazy a-sayin' that over 'n' over; and, Rudolphus, you can have the other girl, if you're a mind to, for all of me. It hain't made no difference to me what she said, not a mite; but I'm all broke down, and everything 's gone agin me, and 'tain't no use. I can't look out for my folks no longer. If that stripèd girl will have you—"

"She will," said Rudolphus, seriously. "I'm not good enough for her; education and everything she's above me, and I'm sure I don't know why—"

"Cat's foot! I don't need no spectacles to see why. She hain't got a mite of proputty, and she's sick of school-keepin', and men are skurce," said Grandma Baker.

ON HEARING ORGAN MUSIC AT NIGHT IN SHAKESPEARE'S CHURCH.

Can I forget—no, never while my soul
Lives to remember—that imperial night
When through the spectral church I heard them roll,
Those organ tones of glory, and my sight
Grew dim with tears, while ever-new delight
Throbbed in my heart, and through the shadowy dread
The pale ghosts wandered, and a deathly chill
Froze all my being—the mysterious thrill
That tells the awful presence of the dead!
Yet not the dead, but, strayed from heavenly bowers,
Pure souls that live with other life than ours;
For sure I am that ecstasy of sound
Lured One Sweet Spirit from his holy ground,
Who dwells in God's perpetual land of flowers.

William Winter.

Stratford-upon-Avon, *September* 18, 1890.

THE RUSH TO DEATH.

No tragedy in which the white man and Indian have been joint actors has ever blended more completely the horrible, the dramatic, and the picturesque than that which happened in the past week upon the reservation of the northern Cheyennes. Upon this reservation, which lies south of the Yellowstone River, Montana, and along the banks of the Rosebud and the Tongue, are gathered the remnants of the fierce band of warriors who in the seventies, under Roman Nose, Lame Deer, and Dull Knife, wrote some of the bloodiest pages in the history of Indian warfare, and gave some of their stubbornest fights to Miles, McKenzie, and Crook. They have been, in the main, peaceable since their occupation of this country, but there have been signs of turbulence and discontent among them for the past four years, which have rendered necessary annual camps of regular troops in their vicinity. Last spring the murder of a settler by three of their number threatened a crisis. The murderers were surrendered, and it did not take place; but, as a consequence of the trouble, for five long months the white tents of our battalion of the First United States Cavalry have stood as silent peace-makers among the smoky lodges of the Cheyennes along the Lame Deer. Everything promised a continuance of peace and a speedy withdrawal of the troops, when, on September 6th, the wanton murder by the Indians of a young man named Boyle within three miles of the cavalry camp put another face on the situation. Boyle's body had been found, after a three days' arduous search by the troops and friendly Indians, in a deep ravine on a steep and lonely mountain-side, a long distance away from the scene of the murder. That night it was discovered by the Indian police that the murderers were two young Cheyennes, who, upon the finding of the body, had taken to the hills.

Their crime had been particularly atrocious and devoid of motive, but the *dénouement* forms one of the most remarkable scenes in the history of Indian fanaticism. The pursuit of the murderers had continued without success for some days, when suddenly a message was conveyed from the fugitives to the Indian Agent, through the father of one of them, to the effect that they were tired of hiding, that they realized that they had forfeited their lives, and that they wanted to die in fair fight. They said if the agent would cause the troops to be assembled they would come forward and fight them to the death, and that if they should not be drawn up to receive them, they would raid the agency and camp and kill every white soul they might see. Idle as such a boastful proposition might sound in the mouth of a Shoshone or Crow, it had a different ring when uttered by two young Cheyenne braves. Major Carroll, the commanding officer of camp, was quickly notified, and in a moment the sound of "Boots and Saddles" hurried in the herds and summoned the camp to horse. Being among the first to report, the writer was ordered to take his troop and dispose it around the agency as quickly as possible, so as to intercept the approach of the Indians from that direction. As we galloped over the mile of road between the camp and agency we could not help feeling that our trip was a fool's errand, for the idea of a prearranged duel between two young Indians and three troops of cavalry seemed too grotesque to be entertained. On expressing this fear, however, to Brave Wolf, a Cheyenne chief who rode beside us, he reassured us by saying that the young bucks would certainly appear, and that it would be a fight to a finish when they did.

Hurrying on, we left a guard at the agency, and then, under Brave Wolf's guidance, turned up the road east of that point. Along this, the old Indian said, our braves would appear; and here, about half a mile away, we halted, and posted our men, some mounted and others dismounted. The road here runs through a narrow valley, closed apparently on all sides by steep rock-crowned hills. No better amphitheatre could have been offered by nature for the enactment of the performance in store for us. As we looked about us after disposing the men, the scene we beheld was worth remembering. The whole Cheyenne tribe had, during the previous several days' excitement, been gathered by the agent from all parts of the reservation, and placed in camp about the agency. They had poured out of their tepees at the approach of the troop, and they now stood upon the ridges above the valley in dense groups of brilliant barbaric color. Still farther beyond, on the taller heights and across the Lame Deer, were gathered for safety the squaws and children and the large pony herds. The two young murderers had, before our arrival, sent a herald to their people, inviting them to come out and see how splendidly they could die, and the quiet deliberation with which the preliminaries of the coming contest were now being arranged suggested thoughts of the ancient arena, strangely out of keeping with the flow of nineteenth-century methods and ideas. Figuratively the audience was barely seated, when the curtain went up, and the two main actors, for whose coming every eye was eagerly watching, stepped upon the stage.

They were first seen riding from a clump of timber across the valley, and about 800 yards away. Our glasses told us they were well armed and mounted, and in full war rig, one of them wearing a splendid war bonnet that swept low toward the ground. Directing their ponies up one of the steepest parts of the opposite ridge, they gained the summit; and there, sweeping their steeds in quick circles against the sky, their eagle head feathers dancing in the breeze, they sang the Cheyenne death song. No plaudits of pit or box were needed to inspire them. They were Cheyenne braves, the sons of Cheyenne warriors whose past heroic deeds they had heard sung by many a camp fire, and the eyes of hundreds of their tribe, they knew, were there across the valley to note and scorn the faintest trace of fear. Meanwhile our men had gathered nearer to the hill, and in a few moments the "zip" of falling bullets among us told that the unequal contest had commenced.

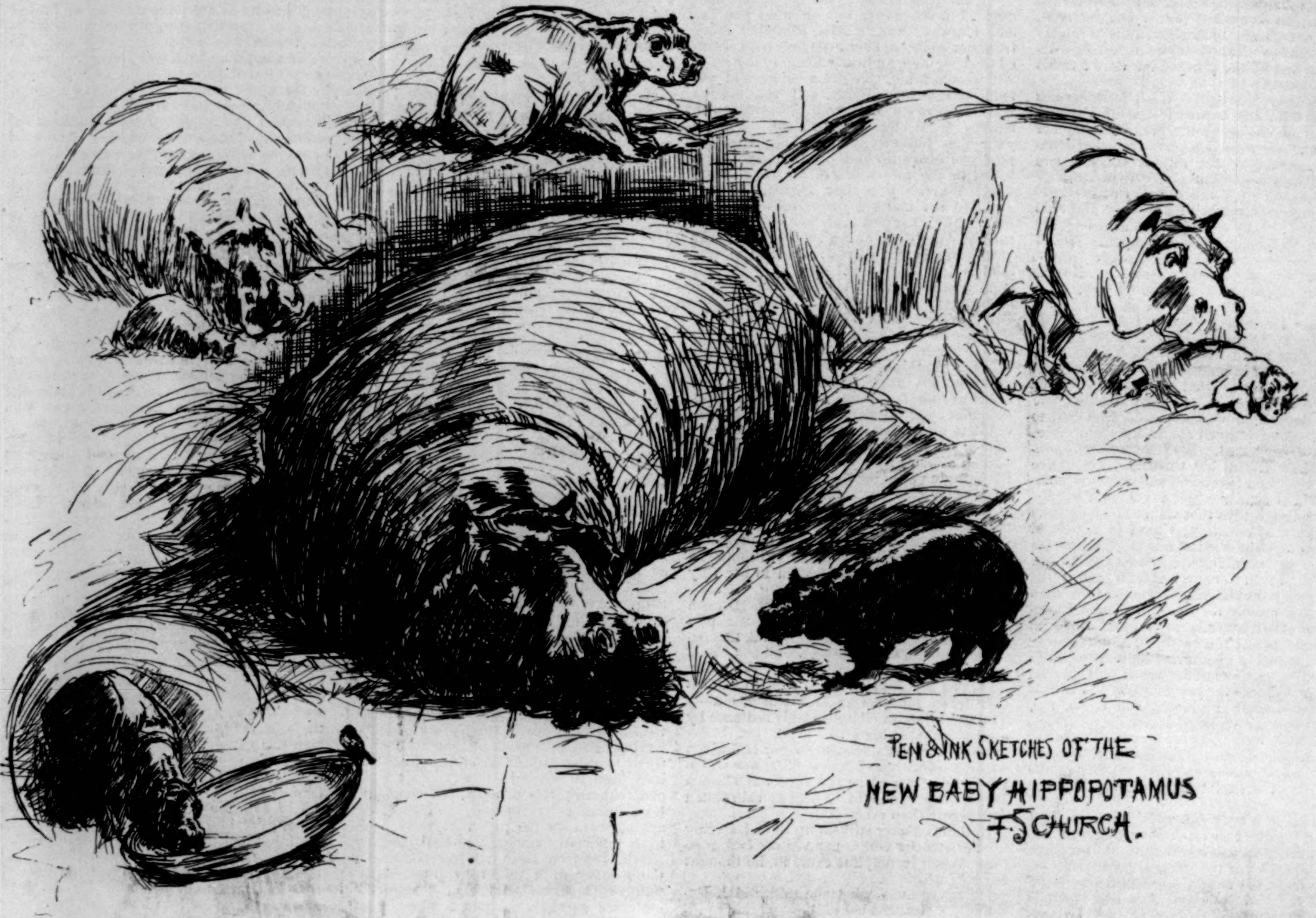
Its details are unnecessary. Fifty carbines opened fire, and the Indians fought from the rocks. Flanked and driven out of these, they dashed down the steep hill-side, and made for the line of a fresh troop of cavalry that had just been led upon the southern crest of the valley by Lieutenant Pitcher, of the First. It was on this ridge that most of the Cheyenne spectators were assembled, and the young braves evidently wanted them to be in at the death. Across the valley they charged, one mounted, the other, whose pony had been shot, on foot. The former, amid a hail of balls, rode boldly up the slope in the face of Lieutenant Pitcher's line, firing rapidly from the hip as he came. Thirty carbines and revolvers confronted him, but on he rode, his eyes glaring in fierce frenzy, until the line of troopers was pierced, and then, with three bullets in his brain, and others in his body, he found the death he sought.

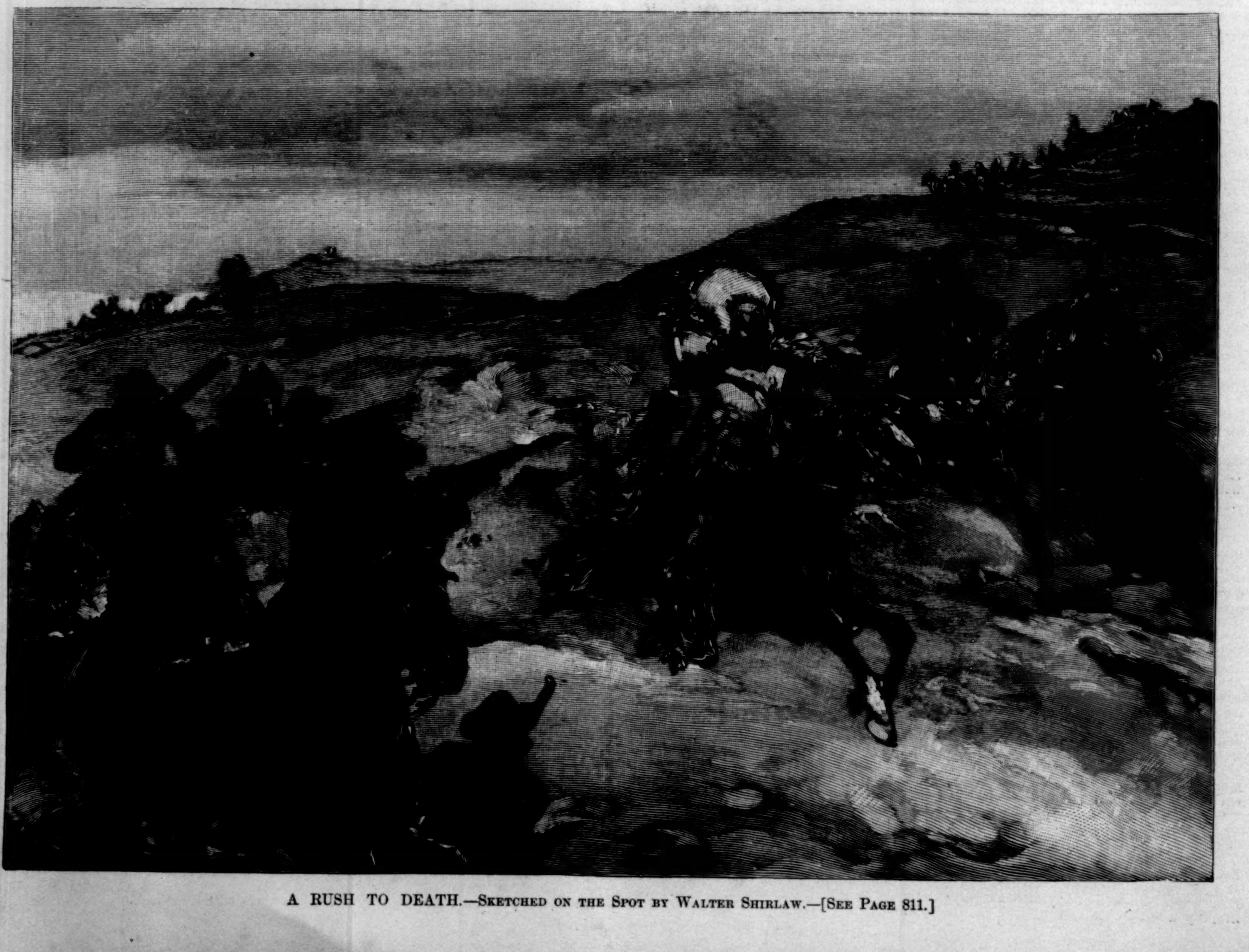
The dismounted buck meanwhile turned down the valley, attracted, perhaps, by the little knot of whites before the agency. Bullets rained around him. As was afterward discovered, his clothing was pierced in many places, and here he was probably first wounded, for, turning suddenly to the left, with true Indian instinct—the instinct of a wounded rabbit or coyote—he sought refuge in a cut in the dry stream bed, where he fought desperately until killed. This last was a mere youth who, it afterward transpired, had taken no part in the killing of Boyle, but who was too brave to claim exemption from the crime his guilty companion had committed. Crawling through the bush toward him, we suddenly discovered him dead, and we were almost startled at the weird beauty of the picture he made as he lay in his vivid color of costume and painted face, his red blood dyeing the yellow of the autumn leaves on which he fell.

The tragedy was over, and the Indian debt of blood for blood discharged. The Indian mothers, who, we subsequently learned, when they found their sons must die, had, bravely as any Spartan women, gone into the hills and decorated them for the fray, and who, more bravely still, had watched them die, now rushed forward and threw themselves upon the bodies. The women and children flocked from the camps across the stream, and the air was filled with lamentations and songs in praise of the valor of the dead. During the firing many of the young Cheyenne bucks who lined the hills had, in uncontrollable excitement, leaped from their ponies and buckled their cartridge belts ominously outside their blankets; but the Indian police, under the wise direction of Agent Cooper, did their duty faithfully, and the results we feared were avoided. As we rode slowly campward the sun sank in peace upon the valley of the Lame Deer; but upon our minds was left a vivid image of the dramatic scene it so recently illumined.

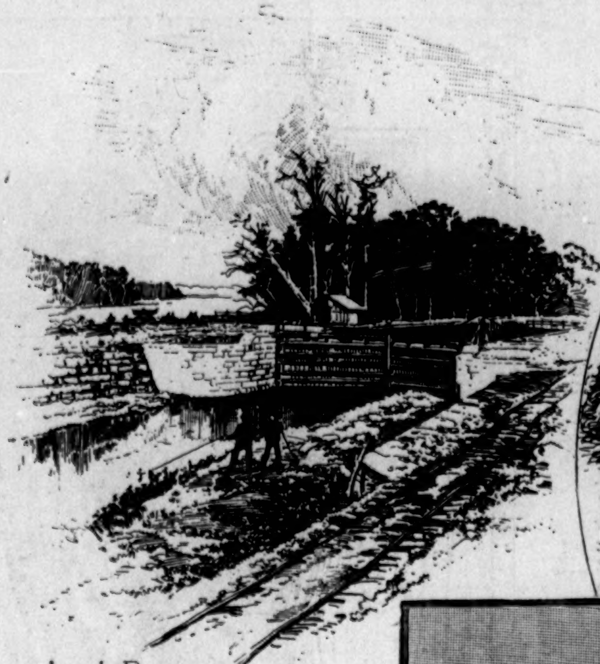
Mr. Walter Shirlaw was fortunately an eye-witness of the incident, and in the accompanying sketch has tried to give an impression of some of its details.

S. C. Robertson,
First Lieutenant, First Cavalry.

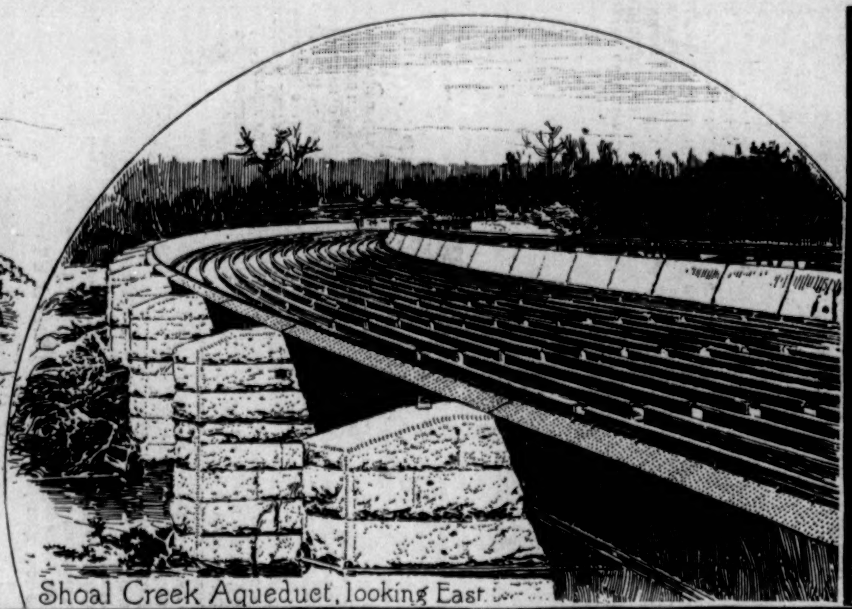

PEN & INK SKETCHES OF THE
NEW BABY HIPPOPOTAMUS
F. S. CHURCH.



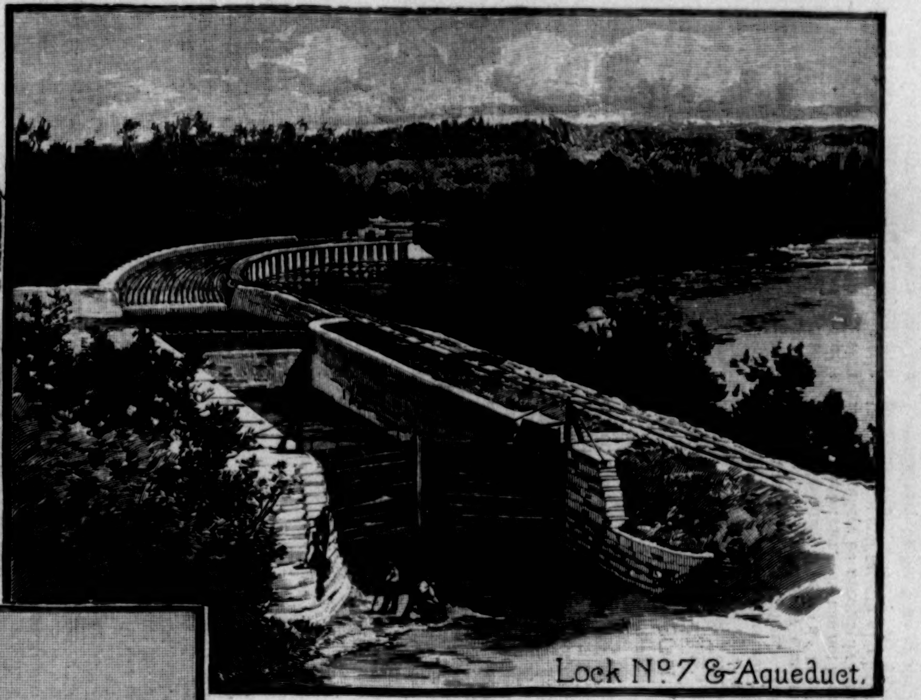
A RUSH TO DEATH.—SKETCHED ON THE SPOT BY WALTER SHIRLAW.—[SEE PAGE 811.]



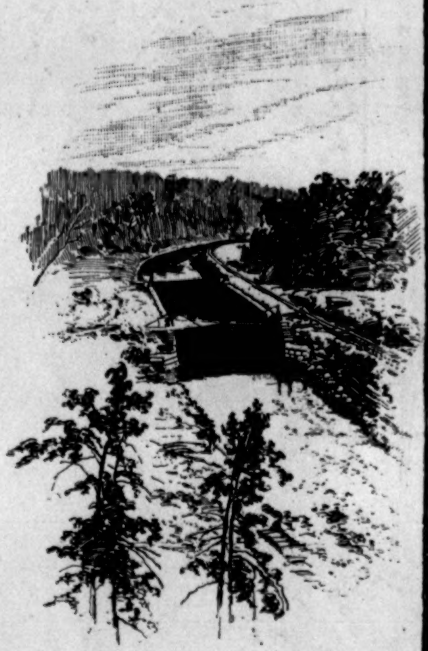
Lock B



Shoal Creek Aqueduct, looking East.



Lock No. 7 & Aqueduct.



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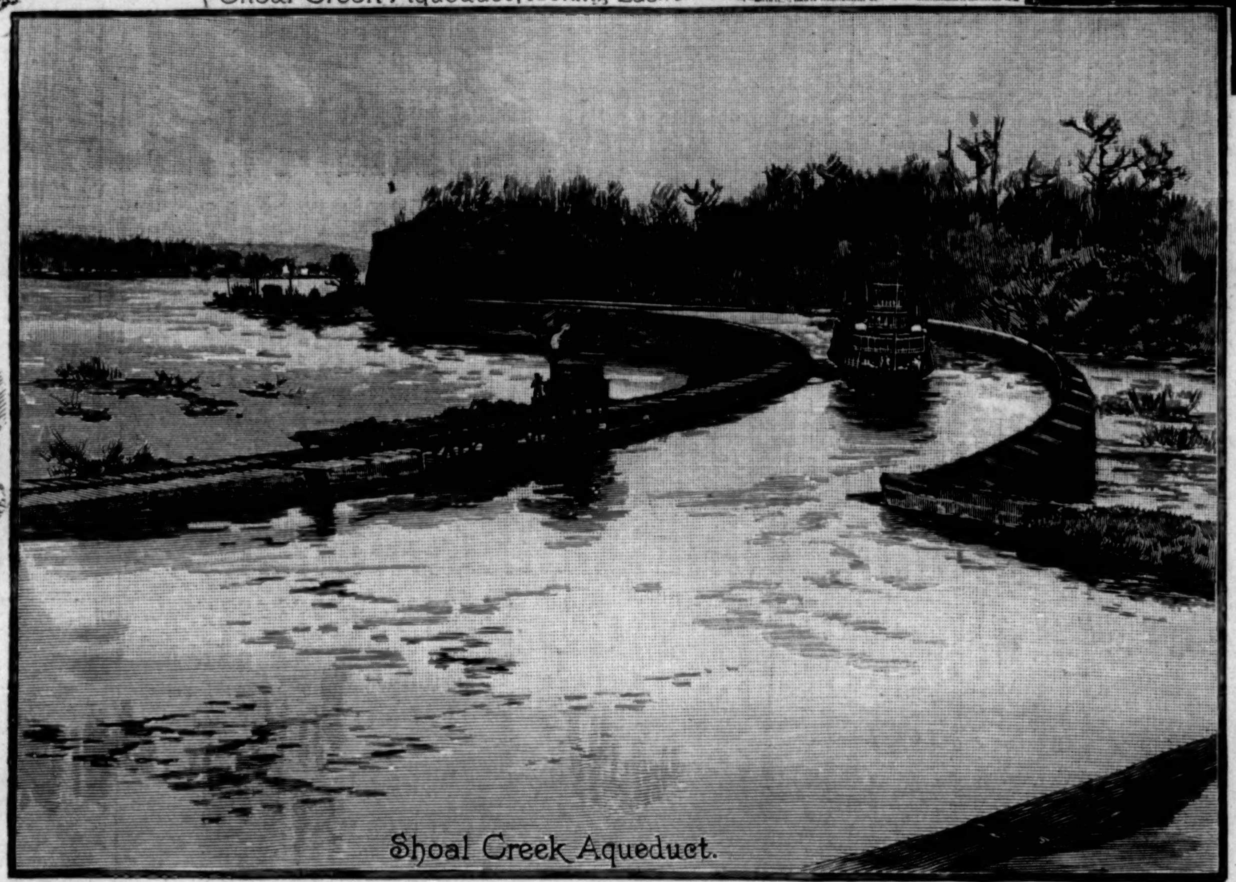
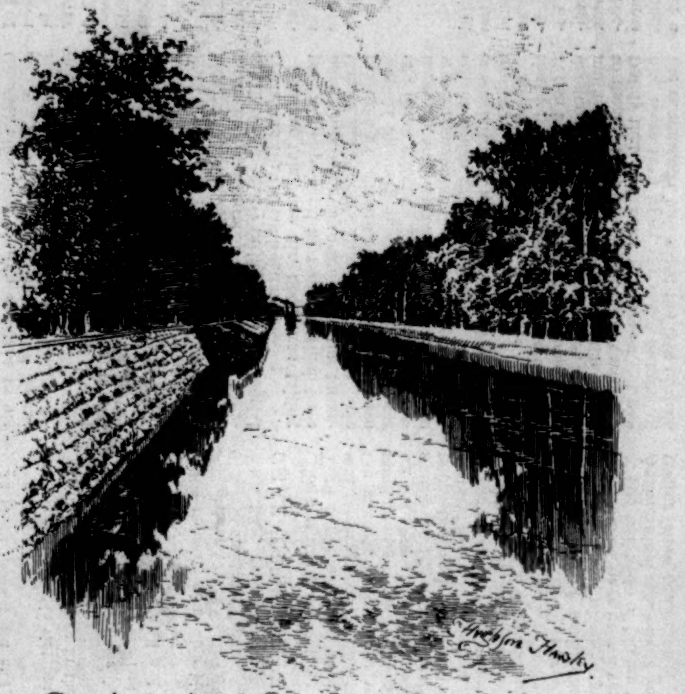
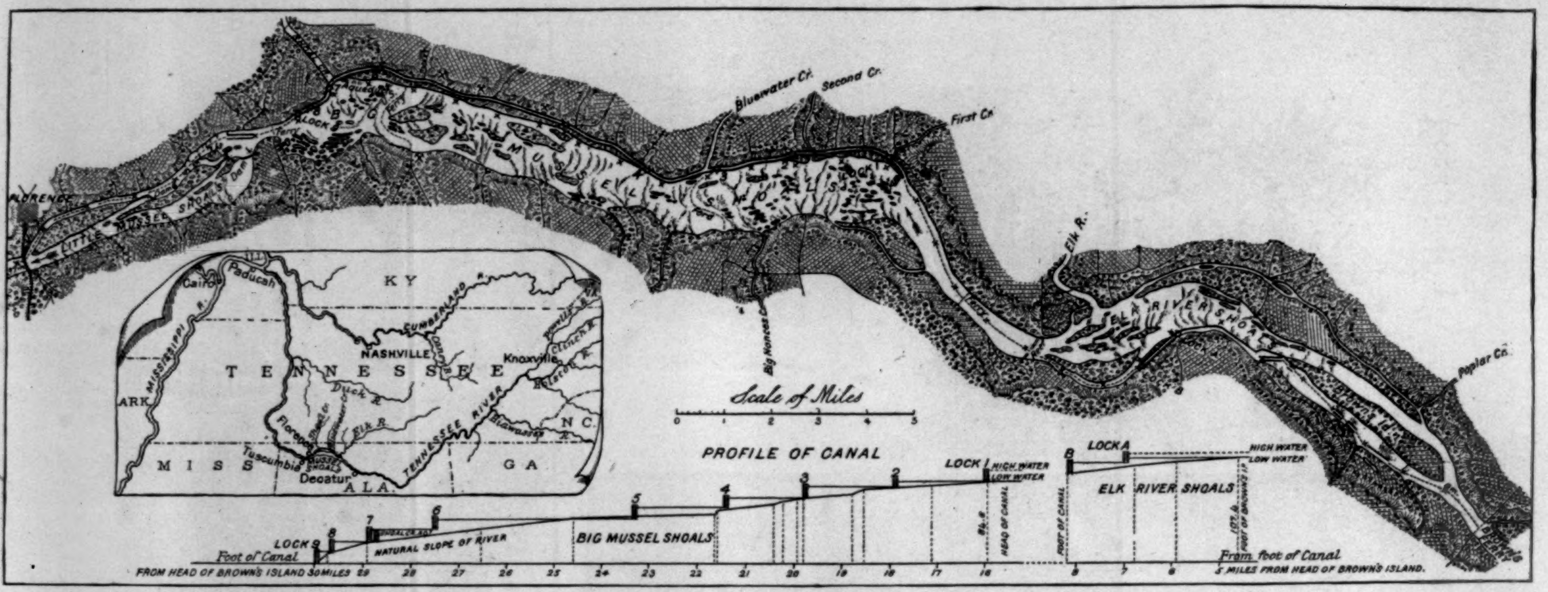


Shoal Creek Aqueduct.



Canal from Lock B.

THE NEWLY COMPLETED MUSSEL SHOALS CANAL.—Drawn from Photographs by Hughson Hawley.—[See Page 814.]



PROFILE AND COURSE OF THE CANAL.

THE MUSSEL SHOALS CANAL.

The Tennessee River, formed by the confluence of two of the several mountain streams draining the Cumberland and the Blue Ridge, is an affluent of the Ohio, and ranks as one of the most important of the forty-five or more navigable rivers tributary to the Mississippi. This stream is navigable from its source to its mouth except at the Mussel Shoals, in Alabama, about 195 miles by river below Chattanooga. These shoals form a rocky barrier extending from deep water at Brown's Ferry to deep water at Florence, Alabama, a distance of thirty-eight miles, only eight of which are navigable, and they have hitherto presented insuperable obstacles to the free navigation of the Tennessee River except when the water is at unusually high stages.

The opening of the lower Tennessee River by means of a canal round the Mussel Shoals was favorably considered by the general government for many years before action was taken in the matter. In 1824, during the administration of President Monroe, the Secretary of War, John C. Calhoun, asserted that the improvement of the obstruction was of national importance. In 1828, acting upon a report of the Board of Internal Improvement, Congress granted to Alabama 400,000 acres of United States land, to be applied principally to the improvement of the Mussel Shoals and Colbert Shoals, and a small canal was built by that State round the former obstruction more than fifty years ago, but it was inadequate to the demands made upon it, and was abandoned.

In 1867 an examination was made from Chattanooga, Tennessee, to Paducah, Kentucky, and an instrumental survey of the Mussel Shoals completed, and in 1875 the work of building a new canal and removing all obstructions at this point was undertaken by the general government. This year sees the work practically completed, and with the removal of certain minor obstructions below the Mussel Shoals, an additional thousand miles of steam-boat water will be connected with the Mississippi. In 1889 the United States steamer *Weitzel* made the passage of the two locks of the upper division (Elk River Shoals) and the first six locks of the lower division, thus completing the passage of all the locks except the three lower ones.

This work, the most extensive of the kind ever undertaken by the government, consists of sixteen miles of canal and twelve miles of open channel improvement, with the necessary permanent dams and bridges over the several creeks and ravines. The canal trunk is from 70 to 120 feet wide at the water's surface, and 6 feet deep, and contains 11 locks, each 60 feet wide by 300 feet long, with an average lift of 10 feet. It is carried across the mouth of Shoal Creek in an aqueduct constructed of steel plates, and supported by 546 18-inch iron girders. This structure is 860 feet long, 60 feet wide, and 5 feet deep on the mitre sills, and it rests on 27 cut-stone piers and abutments.

Three long walk weirs, to preserve the towpath from washing and flood, have been excavated and paved with masonry, and drift sluices constructed at the head of the locks to carry off logs and other floating material brought down by freshets from the several feeders. At Little Mussel Shoals a channel two and a half miles long has been cut through bed-rock, with stone wing dams and retaining walls, to contract the waterway and check the current at points to assist low-water navigation.

The route of the canal is exceedingly picturesque, and presents many attractive features to the tourist traveller. On one side rises a succession of precipitous limestone cliffs, worn into an infinity of curious forms by the action of water, and draped with mosses, vines, and wild flowers; on the other, the river, a mile in width, studded with wooded islands, roars and foams over the barriers of rock that constitute its famous shoals. The entire fall at this point is 134 feet, and the fact that the shoals have heretofore presented insuperable obstacles to navigation has preserved the wildness and natural beauty of their surroundings intact.

In connection with the improvement at Mussel Shoals, the obstructions in the river below this point, known as the Colbert Shoals and the Bee-tree Shoals, are to be removed, and with a view to this purpose a survey was made in 1887. The head of these obstructions is about twenty-one miles below the Mussel Shoals, and their radical improvement is necessary if the canal is to be utilized to its full extent for the passage of vessels of five-feet draught throughout the year. It is proposed to construct a lock and dam at each of these shoals, at an estimated total cost of $923,000. When the Tennessee River from Knoxville to Paducah shall have been improved in accordance with the existing plans, it will rank among the foremost of the tributaries of the Mississippi River.

The total amount expended in improving the Tennessee River up to the date of June 30, 1888, was a little short of $3,000,000. The estimate of the cost of improving the river below Chattanooga, including the locks and dams at Colbert and Bee-tree shoals, is $5,056,000. The amount hitherto appropriated is $3,208,000. The houses of Congress in the session recently ended appropriated $475,000 to be expended for the improvement of the Tennessee River below Chattanooga, including Colbert Shoals and Bee-tree Shoals. The present autumn or the coming winter will probably witness the opening of the Mussel Shoals Canal, and the free navigation of boats of five-feet draught past the river's shoals and rapids.

The benefits that will result to the States of Alabama and Tennessee from the completion of the Mussel Shoals Canal, and the minor river improvements required to make it fully available, are incalculable. It will connect 367 miles of navigable water above the shoals with 252 miles below them in the Tennessee River alone, and throw it open to navigation by the largest Mississippi tow-boats and barges. Through this new outlet the timber of the Blue Ridge Mountains, the marble of Knoxville, the iron, coal, and coke of the Chattanooga district, and the agricultural products of 56,000 square miles of territory will find their way to the great markets of the South and West. The growth of Chattanooga during the last decade has been pronounced. Its population of 12,836 in 1880 has increased to 29,109, a gain of over 125 per cent., and its suburbs have shown a corresponding augmentation. The Tennessee River will be to that city what the Ohio River is to Pittsburgh; and the construction of this canal will place Tennessee coal and iron 500 miles nearer to the Gulf of Mexico, and consequently to the New-Mexican and Central-American markets, than are the similar products of western Pennsylvania. The opening of this river and navigation will reduce freight rates by rail, will create new industries, infuse new life into old communities, build up new ones, and give an impetus to the industrial development of the entire region tributary to it such as it has not received since the war.

FRANCIS M. SCOTT.

The candidate of the People's Municipal League for Mayor of New York is not the obscure man some of his opponents would have him. He has for several years been widely and favorably known. It is not conceivable that there is any one actively engaged in politics, either as a "boss," a "heeler," or a reformer, who has not heard of him. As a law-officer he necessarily came in contact with the contractors who have business relations with the city. As an Aqueduct Commissioner he has been at the head of a department in which thousands of men are employed, and has therefore been the object of the solicitous attacks of all the politicians who are burdened with followers for whom they have to provide. Mr. Scott is young, but he has been a very active man, and for a long time he has been connected with the affairs of the city government.

Mr. Scott is a native of the city, and was born in 1848, on March 14th. He was a graduate of the Thirteenth Street public school and of the Free Academy, at which he was graduated in the class of 1867. He studied law at the Columbia College Law School, and was admitted to the bar in 1869. While he was attending Professor Dwight's law lectures he was connected with the office of Judge Josiah Sutherland, with whom he entered into business relations when he became a member of the bar. The training that Mr. Scott obtained in Judge Sutherland's office was excellent in many respects, and especially was that admirable jurist a model of probity and of high regard for the public interests. The precepts and example of Judge Sutherland could not fail to make a deep impression on the young men who came in contact with him in his office. He was known to the bar and to the politicians as a quick-tempered, brusque, but an essentially kind man, and an absolutely upright judge. Those who knew Judge Sutherland see in Mr. Scott some of his traits of character.

Mr. Scott's participation in local politics began very soon after his admission to the bar. He was one of the youngest of the group of men who organized the Young Men's Democratic Club, which rendered material assistance in breaking the Tweed rule in New York. Among his associates of that time were William C. Whitney, Burton N. Harrison, and Francis Lynde Stetson.

With Tweed out of power, the Young Democrats came in, and Mr. Wickham was made Mayor. The club then developed into the County Democracy, and in 1876 contained Mr. Tilden's strongest and most energetic friends. In 1880 it controlled the New York delegation to the Democratic National Convention, and in 1884 compelled the nomination of Grover Cleveland.

During all these years Mr. Scott was an active worker in the ranks of the County Democracy, but he held no office until 1885, when Judge Lacombe, then Corporation Counsel, appointed him an assistant in his office. This position he held until Mayor Hewitt made him one of the Aqueduct Commissioners, in 1888.

As Corporation Counsel, Mr. Scott devoted a great deal of time to looking after the city's interests at Albany, and in defending the city in actions brought against it in contracts for public works. He has undoubtedly prevented the enactment of a good many laws that would have cost the city dearly. He gained the special knowledge which made his appointment as Aqueduct Commissioner especially fitting from his official relations with the contractors.

During this time Mr. Scott was taking part in the political movements which have finally and naturally resulted in the formation of the People's Municipal League. He has been associated with the men who have worked for and obtained civil service reform and ballot reform. In the last-named movement he was especially conspicuous. He was a member of the Commonwealth Club, out of which grew the Reform Club. He is not, however, a member of the latter organization.

Mr. Scott's work as Aqueduct Commissioner has been of special value to the city. When he went into office he thoroughly understood the construction contracts, and the mutual rights and obligations of the parties to them. He was also conversant with the frauds that had been perpetrated. Upon him more than upon any other member of the commission has rested the task of dealing with the dissatisfied contractors, and of resisting the efforts which they made to avoid the penalties of their failure to comply with the terms of their contracts, and of their deliberate attempt to swindle the city. That the city has not yet paid over to the contractors the large sums claimed of it is largely due to the watchfulness and skill of Mr. Scott.

Aside from politics, Mr. Scott is a lawyer of good standing. His principal client is the New York Cotton Exchange, and this connection makes him known to a large number of influential business men.

He is a member of the University Club, of the Larchmont Yacht Club, and of the New York Athletic Club.

IN AN OLD ORCHARD.

Men think of me alway as deaf and voiceless,
Having no memory for time or things,
Unwatchful of the passing of the seasons,
Unmindful of the fluttering of wings,

And wist not that through all the winter weather,
As over me the snow its white net weaves,
As sharp winds whistle down the barren passes,
My gaunt arms hunger for the coming leaves,

And long once more to see the buds run riot
Among my lichened branches bare and gray,
To hear again the nesting birds go wooing
Adown my borders all the livelong day.

My leaves give welcome when the birds wing homeward
From Southern winter into Northern spring,
And in the late fall days the same leaves linger
To see the last bird southward turn its wing.

When through the vanished years have I forgotten
In early spring to set my ways ablow,
To fling broad leaves adown the paths to shelter
The lambs and children in the hot noon glow?

When through the vanished years have I forgotten,
As sharp frosts touch and sear the garden ways,
And summer's ample vintages are shrunken,
To bring my fruitage in the autumn days?

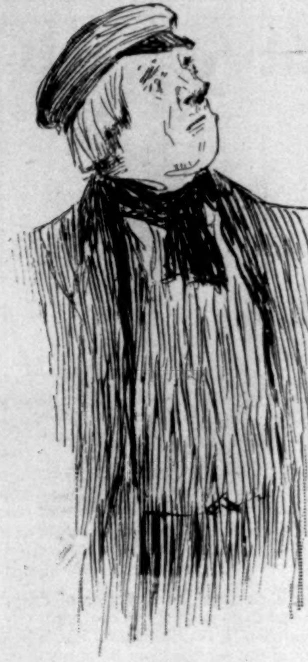
Then think not I am alway deaf and voiceless,
Having no memory for bud and song,
For through my gnarled and barren branches ever
The thoughts of nesting birds and blossoms throng.

Lucy E. Tilley.

CHARACTERS ON THE BOWERY.

The stranger who starts from the New York Post-office and passes up Broadway will receive a very different impression of the metropolis from one who, leaving the same point, proceeds through Park Row and up the Bowery. In either case he will be struck by the composite character of the population, and reading the business signs, will be likely to cogitate as to the soundness of the traditional theory that the people of the United States are mainly of British descent. But the difference in types, both native and imported, is more marked in the Bowery than in Broadway. In the latter are evidences of wealth that are absent in the former, and moneyed people the world over, almost, have grown very much alike.

The well-to-do of foreign birth (1) become Americanized much more quickly than their poorer fellow-countrymen. The round cap



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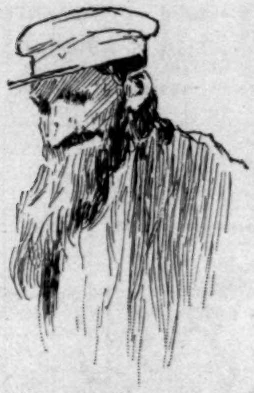

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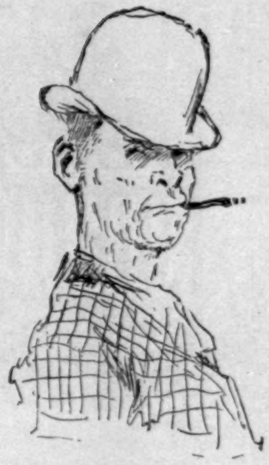
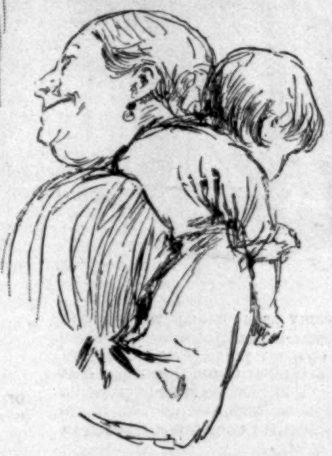


8.

lingers longer on the head of the German in the Bowery than it does on Broadway, and often he may be seen there just as he came from the Fatherland, though he may have landed on these shores a long time before. His wife (2) continues to go abroad hatless, and generally with a baby over her shoulder. The homes of the poor stand thick on the streets leading to the broad thoroughfare on both sides, and from them emerges the less prosperous of all degrees and nationalities. The Hebrews — German, Polish, and Russian — particularly abound (3). The Chinese (4) quarter of New York is just off the lower Bowery, into which the Mongolians debouch in a way that the upholders of the exclusion law would be interested in contemplating. The Italian (5) has become diffused as to occupation generally over the city, but the Bowery is one of his favorite haunts, and strong-necked women of his race may be seen there bearing burdens on their heads that are sometimes almost as large as themselves, and others also, without burdens, habited in brilliantly colored garments, with pleasant, comely faces, and soft black eyes that cause many a backward glance on the part of the passers-by. There is even a constituency for a Roumanian theatre on the great street; and Turks (6) and Armenians, with their round truncated caps, are not wholly lacking. Peddlers (7) and rag-pickers can be seen either plying their respective callings, or going with their stores to or from their homes, which are not far off.

People with small means of subsistence are left little choice as to neighborhood, and the honest and law-abiding element of the Bowery population does not find itself in very good company. That large class of men in our cities who hang around cheap liquor shops, and whose mode of support is a perennial mystery to most people, except the police, conspicuously appears. They are prominent candidates for terms in the penitentiary, and not a few of them are ex-convicts. The "tough" (8) is there in his most pronounced form. The numerous cheap lodging-houses on the street harbor a great many undesirable citizens, while the pawn-shops—those unerring landmarks of misery—tell their own story. It would be unjust to a large number of worthy and prosperous people to convey the impression that the Bowery has no redeeming traits, for it has its creditable and legitimate business just as other streets have. Among its types are those of the reputable tradesman and the respectable working-man. The average countryman (9), the miner, the ranchman, the sailor (10)—white or black—who visit the city find more congenial territory on the Bowery than on Broadway. They select the latter as the place to have their "fun" in, and there are their wants catered to by the proprietors of cheap theatres, dime museums, shooting-galleries, restaurants, concert saloons, etc. Here, too, they replenish their wardrobes and make their general purchases. The long-haired cowboy (11), with new clothes, broad-brimmed hat, and fierce mustache just dyed, shows what a grafting of Bowery civilization upon that of the plains can produce. There is scarcely a place in the world where the student of humanity can find a more extensive and varied field of observation than is supplied by the Bowery.



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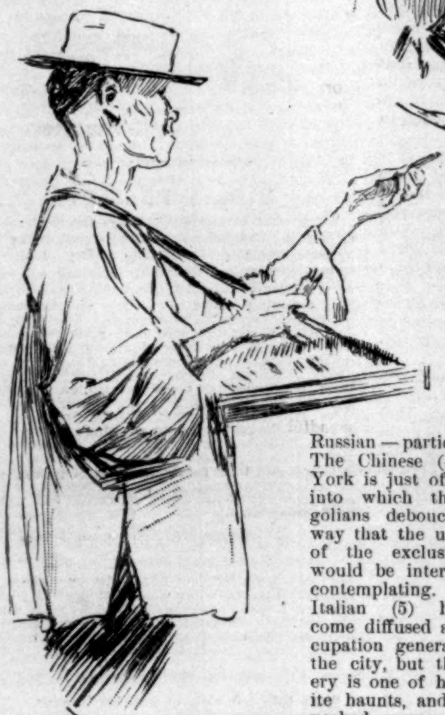

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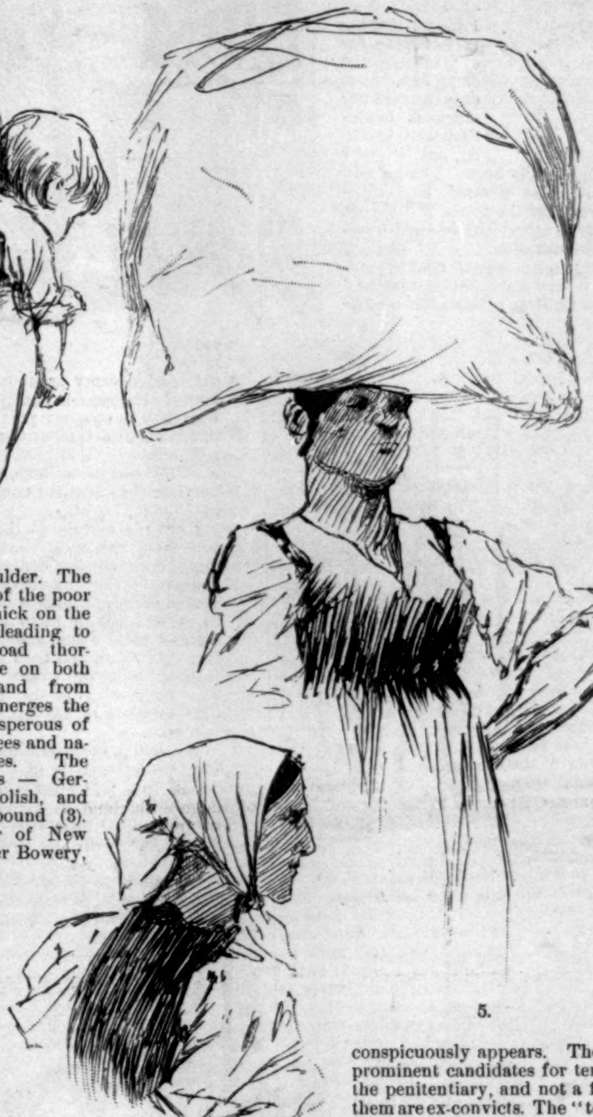

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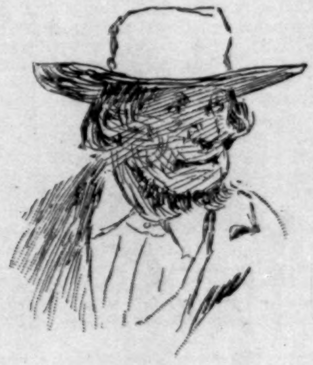

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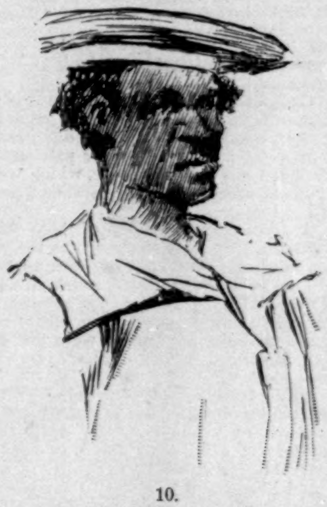

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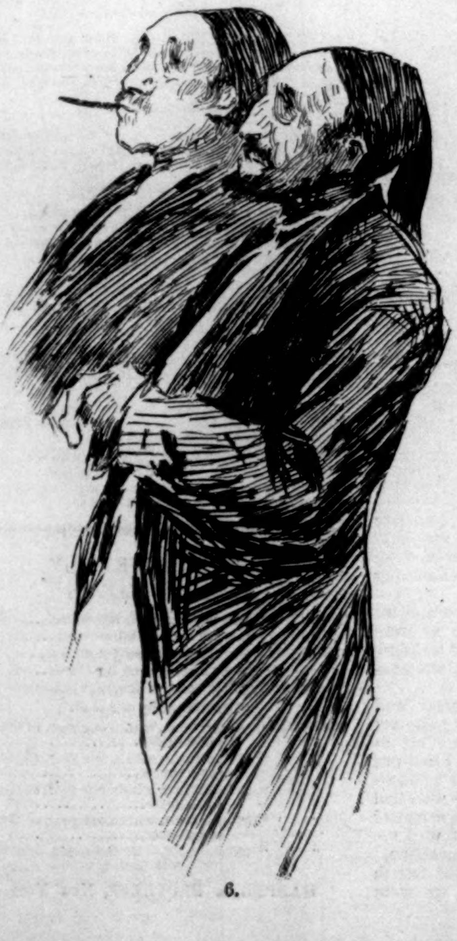

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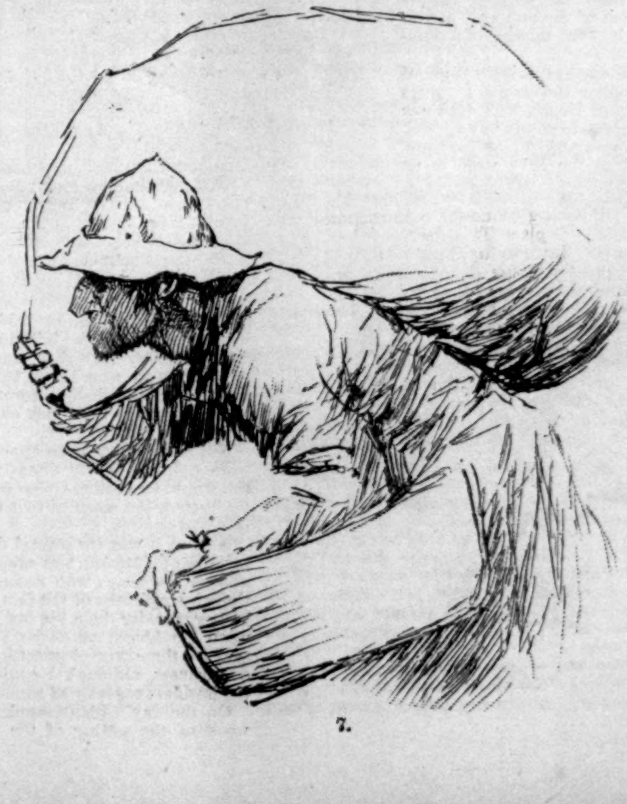

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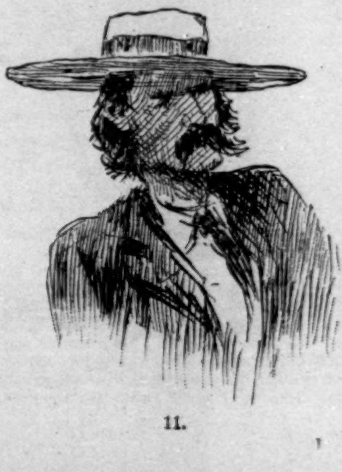

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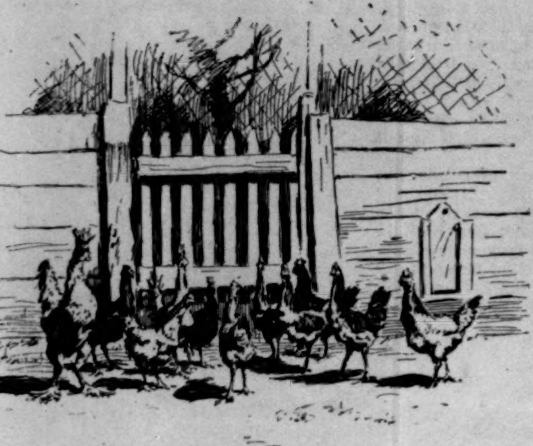
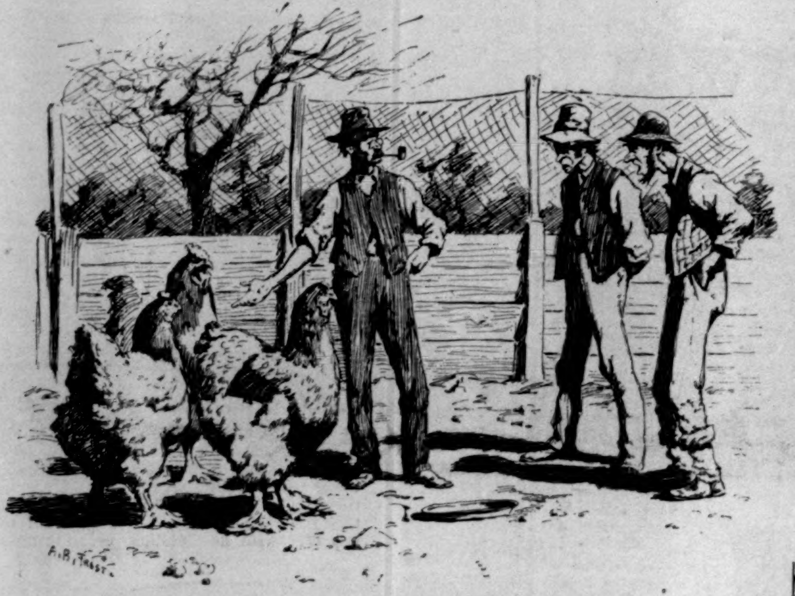


FARMING.

IX.

I HAD always looked forward with unfeigned pleasure to the time when I should become the possessor of some choice fancy fowls. The specimens found at Dove's Nest upon our arrival were so mixed as regards breed, that you could not tell where the Cochin began and the Leghorn ended, or whether their strain began and ended at all. Having no style or pedigree about them, they were not so satisfactory to look as to feast upon.



We therefore lost no time in putting them where we fancied they would render the greatest good. We had them *à la marengo*, *à la créole*, and, to show our patriotism, in the good old Southern style, which we emphasized with Gallic prestige when we called it *à la bama*.

We generally called one of these chicken dinners a love-feast, inasmuch as the chickens that constituted the feast were analogous to love, as they were pretty much all wings.

Softly they faded from the shining landscape like the buttons from a suit of ready-made clothing, until there were but a few left, which I intended to preserve for maternal ancestors.

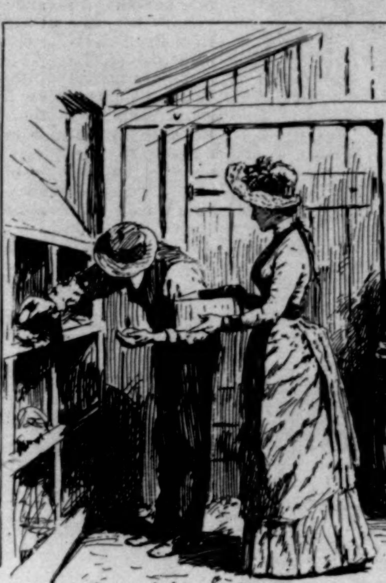
"Fine feathers make fine beds," I remarked, philosophically, as I noticed Phillada endeavoring to elucidate the ornithological mystery of a fricassee that was chiefly remarkable for its wild prodigality of necks; "and I am going to consult the advertising columns of the *Plough and Harrow* in the hope of finding the address of some dealer in fancy eggs."

Having found that a reliable man up in Aroostook County, Maine, sent eggs all over the country for five dollars per setting, I lost no time in sending for three settings—one each of Leghorns, Brahmas, and Cochins—and looked pleasantly forward to the time when I should surprise the natives with my choice strains.

Long before the eggs arrived at Dove's Nest I began making preparations for a great poultry campaign. I not only counted my chickens before they were hatched, but before I ever saw the eggs. I had a new run made, divided into three parts, that the fowls of different strains might not become hopelessly mixed.

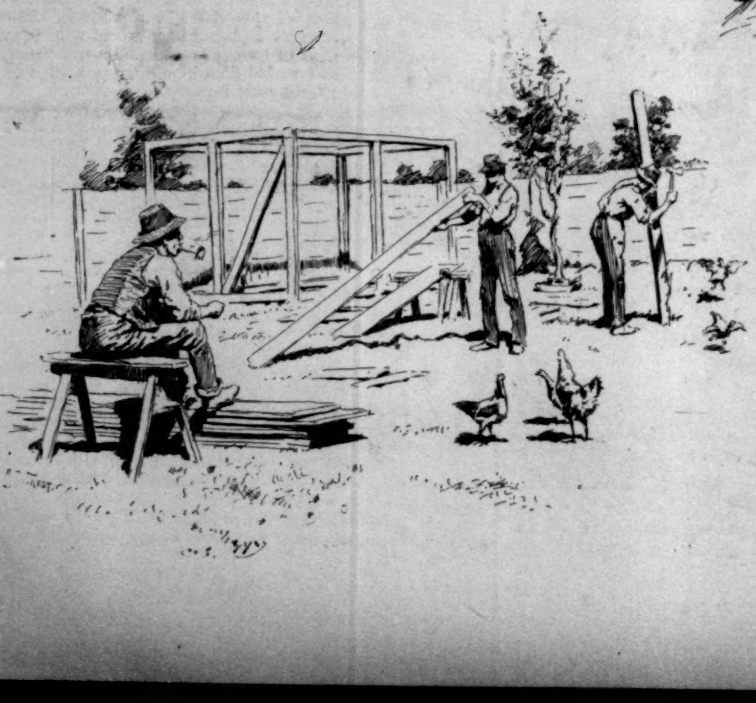
"It seems a great deal of money to pay for a setting of eggs," said Phillada; "but after a while I suppose we can supplement our income by disposing of ours."

"We may," I replied; "but just at present I am looking forward more to spring broilers and Spanish omelets than anything else, although it seems but reasonable to believe that the latter might be enjoyed in its highest perfection when constructed, so to speak, of the fragile fruit of the black Spanish species."



Patent metallic nests were also purchased, and the roof of the hen-house made so tight that a duck would fly from it as from the shadow of the bosom of the maternal hen to get into the thickest of a thunder-shower.

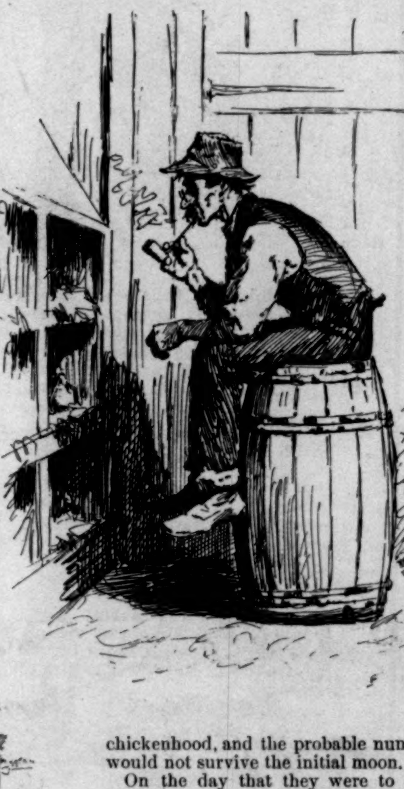
When everything was about complete the longed-for eggs reached Dove's Nest, each one wrapped in cotton like a jewel. As we wished to lose no time, and as the hens were in an enthusiastic hatchful mood, we commenced operations at once.



It was beautiful to study the serene, heavenly resignation of those ancient birds. Their expressions of countenance were as soft and dreamy as a creamy wood-dove's breast. Perhaps, in reality, these expressions were not as chastely poetic as my imagination painted them, but to me they seemed at least to say, "You have seen fit to place us upon five-dollar settings, and we keenly appreciate the beautiful confidence reposed in us."

I am not certain at this day that I ever saw them lessen their enthusiasm or leave those eggs for the common recreations of henhood. They would calmly sit there half asleep, as though employed by the day. And in order to show them how I appreciated their efforts, I would stand by and feed them from my hand, and then gently stroke their feathers with the grain, until their backs were resplendent in the manner peculiar to the shoulders of an eight-dollar Prince Albert coat.

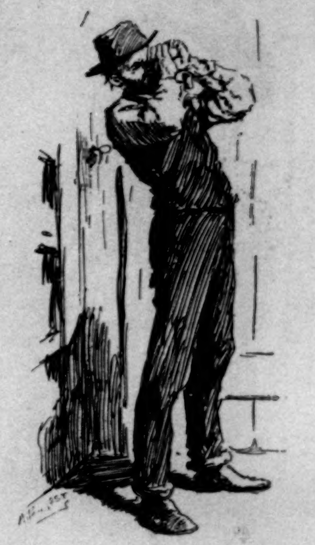
We had a memorandum on the wall setting forth the date of the hatching of the chicks, and it is almost needless to say that it was often thought of and discussed at great length, while we figured on the number that would ripen and be rounded into perfect chickenhood, and the probable number that would not survive the initial moon.



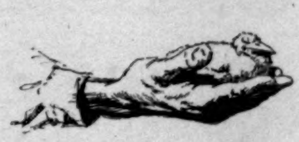
On the day that they were to evacuate their shells we were all on hand to ascertain what fortune had done for us, because we realized then, as now, that chicken-hatching is indeed a lottery.

Not a chick put in an appearance, and we were quite as sorely disappointed as were the would-be mothers, who seemed to know by instinct the moment that the allotted period had expired.

And so it was for several days after; and my disappointment was about as poignant as was the hens', who looked upon me as though suspicious of the fact that I had put bad eggs under them for fun, while I looked upon the Aroostook dealer as one who had sold me three worthless settings as a matter of business, although I could not well see the business sagacity of such a transaction.



On the day which completed the fourth week of the setting of the hens, we went forth, as usual, as a matter of duty, and found that out of thirty-nine eggs one had been hatched out, and both Phillada and I could not refrain from laughing when we looked fondly and tenderly upon our one lone, solitary Pekin duck.



R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

HUMAN FRAILTY.

WE are frail creatures physically—the most robust among us. The unhealthy man or woman is in great measure incapable of benefit to society. If, for instance, biliousness, a trouble of frequence and often obstinately resistant of ordinary medication, obstructs the harmonious action of the liver and the bowels, the sufferer is sure to be dyspeptic. The three disordered conditions are sure to be confirmed by neglect. Under the erroneous impression that there is no hope for him, an impression in all likelihood confirmed by the use of objectionable remedies, the sufferer is apt to become neglectful, nay, even reckless, and that the sooner he is removed from the sphere of human endeavor the better for all parties concerned. What a series of mistakes! His liver is responsible. It is an incorporate part of himself. How discipline it? By the aid of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a certain medium for the re-establishment of united, regular action in the stomach, liver, and bowels. It also cures and prevents malarial, rheumatic, and kidney troubles.—[*Adv.*]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

WHEN baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—[*Adv.*]

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THIS charming game should be in every home. For sale everywhere, or will be sent to any address upon receipt of $1.25. E. I. HORSMAN, 80 & 82 William St., N.Y.—[*Adv.*]

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HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

THE "FOREIGN ELEMENT" IN NEW YORK CITY.

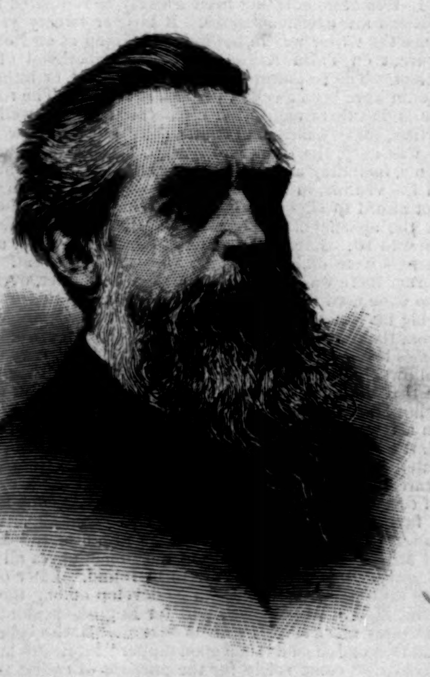
V.—THE ITALIANS.*

BY GEORGE J. MANSON.

MOST of the foreigners in New York city in speaking of themselves use the term "colony." They belong to the French colony, the Spanish colony, etc. This statement does not imply, however, that the natives of a particular country reside in one quarter of the city, notwithstanding its natural significance would lead one so to suppose. Of course the Germans and the Irish do not speak of themselves in that way; they have become so amalgamated with the native-born population that they are widely dispersed and common to all localities. Not so with the Italians, to whom in this article our attention will be directed. Of all foreigners that arrive in the city of New York they are the most clannish, and the great mass of them can speak of themselves as "the Italian colony."

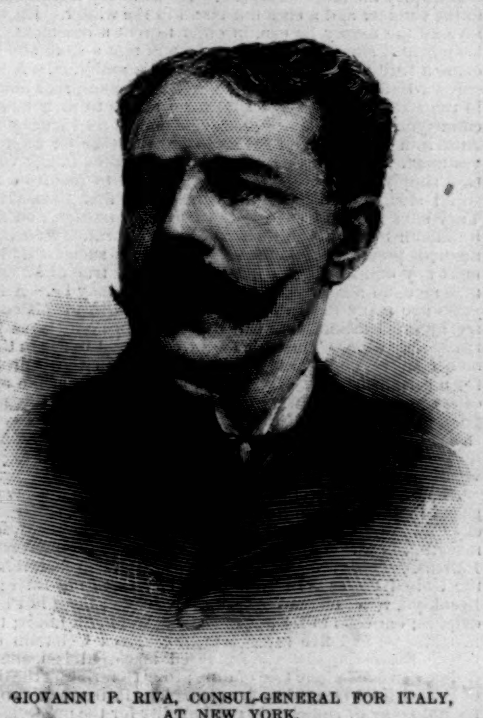
In point of fact there are three Italian colonies: the largest is "Little Italy," in Harlem, in the neighborhood of 115th Street; the second colony comprises the district between Washington Square and Canal Street, including much of Sullivan, Thompson, and Macdougal streets, and touching close to the French colony; the third and smallest colony is located in Mulberry and Baxter streets and the immediate vicinity. Of the Italians that come to this country the largest number select New York for their stopping-place. The Italian population of the metropolis at the present time is about 70,000. There is a special reason why the representatives of this nationality should closely colonize together. They are a sociable people, they love company, and they want to be within the sound of their own language. Hence it is the moment an Italian arrives in New York—that is, one of humble means and without friends in the city—he wends his way to Mulberry Street, where he can mingle with his fellow-countrymen and forestall all feeling of homesickness. Under similar conditions of life in Italy it is quite probable that an American would do the same thing; if he arrived there alone, ignorant of the language, the manners, the customs, the geography of the country, and learned that there was an American colony, though it were comprised of paupers and pickpockets, he would probably go to it at once, knowing that he could hear his own language, and meet people with whom in some of the relations of life he could be in sympathy. So there is nothing particularly strange about the poorer class of Italians loving to be by themselves; that class is not ambitious; it is destitute of the self-reliant spirit common to every American and to most all foreigners. The people have been accustomed to herd together in their own country, and they follow a similar practice when they come to the United States. The lower "sporting" element in the poorer quarters of New York call them "Guineas" and "Dagoes," and the localities they frequent (or rather a certain sort of them frequent) are called "Gibraltar," "Hell's Kitchen," "Shinbone," "Caterpillar," and "Bottle" alleys, and "Sebastopol."

It is well known that Italian immigration has increased very largely in the past few years. From 1847 to 1860 between 300 and 500 arrived each year at the port of New York. During the next ten years the number of arrivals remained about the same, but from 1870 to 1880 the figures were very much larger, 5000 Italians arriving in a single year. The early immigration was very largely due to the political agitation then going on in Italy, when people either from choice or necessity left their native land for the United States.



CHEVALIER LOUIS CONTENCIN, PRESIDENT OF THE ITALIAN CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

From 1880 to 1886 the development of Italian immigration was very large, in the latter year nearly 30,000 persons arriving in New York. These immigrants were common laborers, mostly from the south of Italy, leaving their country with the expectation of bettering their condition in our own. Some years ago an inquiry instituted by the Italian government showed that immigration was due to prevailing destitution owing to lack of work, the growing unproductiveness of the soil in the parts of Italy from which the immigrants came, the increase in the native population, and the high price of provisions. Many of the northern Italians dispose of their property and come to America to remain permanently, but the great majority who come here aim merely to make a competence and return home.



GIOVANNI P. RIVA, CONSUL-GENERAL FOR ITALY, AT NEW YORK.

There has been started in New York an Italian Society of Emigration. Its manager says that the immigration from Italy has been developed beyond all reason. He says there are 10,000 of his countrymen in the city who have no work, and that the better class of Italians are called upon to pay out large sums of money to keep their countrymen from starving. Unhappily, too, these people find their most direful foes to be those of their own household. There are alleged Italian "bankers" in Mulberry Street who go to a contractor or some boss who hires laborers, and pay him for furnishing laborers. Then they buy, say, 500 steamer tickets in blank, and send them to agents in Italy. These agents get one-half the commission on the tickets, and forward the laborers. When the poor people come here they find that the man who had made the contract has sold out to some other party, and they are charged a fee for getting employment.

Another plan worked by these men is even worse. When an Italian wants to come to this country, and has not the money to pay his passage, the agent in Italy gives him a ticket on his signing a contract to pay back about twice as much as its cost. The society alluded to is not in favor of shutting off immigration, but is in favor of reforming abuses, and of allowing immigration to proceed only from natural causes.

The Congressional Committee appointed in July, 1888, to inquire into the subject of Italian immigration, brought to light much interesting information on the subject. Mr. Marzo, of the Italian Immigration Society, told about the acts of the contract-labor agents who import victims to this country, and gave a list of them. He spoke of contract laborers consigned to St. Paul, Minnesota, the fare to which point is $25, but who were compelled to pay $65 to the contractor. One witness related how the agent had lured him to this country with promises of work and ample pay, the agent being one of the class

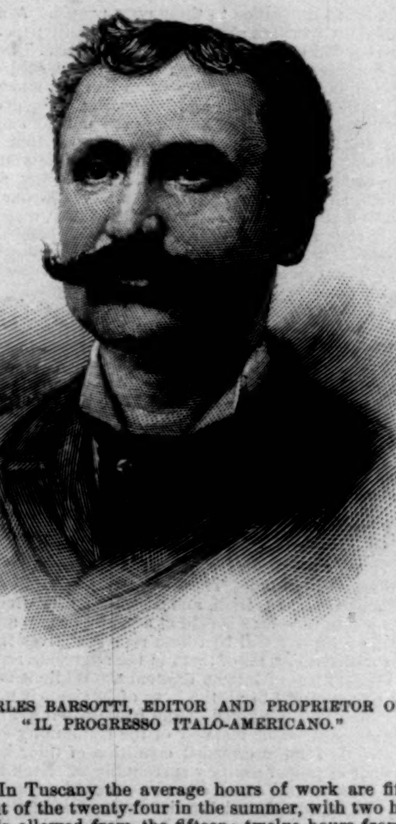
> "That keep the word of promise to our ear,
> And break it to our hope."

The poor fellow before coming here sold his mule, which had been his main source of livelihood, for $22, having to pay a broker for negotiating the deal. He left his family behind to subsist on what Indian corn they could raise. He had only $6 in his pocket when he arrived in New York; he could have probably secured work when he reached here if he had at once paid the requisite fee demanded for getting employment, but he waited awhile, and then not having enough money left, he was unable to purchase a chance to earn his living. When he was asked by the chairman of the committee if he had any money at the time he was testifying, he answered; "You can turn me over and not get a cent." Since he had been in New York he had been living on the charity of benevolent societies. He said he could live pretty well—or, as he expressed it, "on the top shelf"—for 25 cents a day, though this did not include the luxury of beer once a week.

A specimen immigrant, and the most interesting witness that came before the committee, was Francisco Zaponi. He was a short man, with a square face, a week's growth of beard, short black hair, and shifting black eyes. He wore a hickory shirt, a vest so short that there was a liberal space between it and the top of his blue overalls, and a coat that seemed to have been made in Italy. He said that he was forty years of age, and that he had a wife and two children in Italy. His home was about eight hours by rail from Naples, in the southern part of Italy, where the chief industry is farming. His occupation was that of a muleteer. He owned a mule, on which he carried baggage about the country, and which he sometimes hired out to those wishing to ride. In Italy he could earn from 20 to 30 cents a day. This was his explanation of how he happened to come to America: Early in the spring, a native, known as "Vecci" (Old Bloke), came to his town, talked mysteriously to the villagers, and finally approached Zaponi, and asked him how he would like to make $1 50 a day. Of course he answered in the affirmative, and finally he scraped enough money together to pay his passage, and when he arrived here his money was all gone, and he found he could get no work. He said he could live here on 15 cents a day for board and lodging, and that if he earned $1 a day, he might spend only 25 cents.

The United States is not the only country that has been suffering from the contract-labor system. The importation of large gangs of laborers from northern Italy into Germany and Austria from time to time, as occasion requires, has been a recognized phase of the labor question in that section of Europe. These imported hands are available only for the rougher kinds of work—ore-digging and blasting and railroad building; but it is said for those kinds of work none are superior to them in organization and efficiency. They do not settle down when they come, they are simply hired for a specified time to do certain work. Railroad travel is cheap, and when their work is done they return home to their families with their foreign wages in their pockets. The system is now so well organized that 5000 or 10,000 Italian workmen, trained and equipped, can be thrown into any given working point in South Germany at a week's or ten days' notice. At Marseilles the question of labor and strikes is largely controlled by the 50,000 Italians who live there. They work for less wages, and live on simpler and cheaper food even than the French working-classes.

In considering the condition of the Italian laborer in our own country, it is well to bear in mind certain facts bearing on his condition in his native land. In building trades the rate paid per week of sixty hours in the principal cities is from $1 70 to $5, the helpers of plumbers, plasterers, and roofers receiving the former sum; the plasterers receiving $5, bricklayers and roofers, $4 20, etc. For the same time bakers get $4; cigar-makers, $3 40; car-drivers, $3 60; public-school teachers, $5; laborers and porters, $3 60, etc. The diet of the laborers in Piedmont, which is in the northern part of Italy, is; morning meal—vegetable soup (the families of the higher class working-men having coffee and milk); dinner—soup, bread, and cheese, or potatoes, or codfish; supper, which is the principal meal, bread, wine, macaroni, or vegetable stew. Meat is a rarity and a luxury. In Sicily, during the six months ending with March, the food of the working-classes is bread, cheese, rice, dried beans, and greens; during April and May, bread, green beans, and macaroni; and during the remaining four months, bread and fruits. In Tuscany the average hours of work are fifteen hours out of the twenty-four in the summer, with two hours for meals allowed from the fifteen; twelve hours from the twenty-four in the winter, with one hour and a half for meals allowed from the twelve. A staple article of food throughout Italy is the polenta, which corresponds to our Indian meal. With many workmen a cup of bad coffee in the early morning serves till noon, when a meal of bread,



CHARLES BARSOTTI, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR OF "IL PROGRESSO ITALO-AMERICANO."

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* I. "The Germans," Supplement to HARPER'S WEEKLY of August 4, 1888. II. "Norwegians, Swedes, and Danes," Supplement to HARPER'S WEEKLY of September 1, 1888. III. "The French," Supplement to HARPER'S WEEKLY of January 26, 1889. IV. "The Scotch," Supplement to HARPER'S WEEKLY of July 5, 1890.

beans cooked in olive oil or lard, or polenta boiled or fried, with a small allowance of wine, is eaten. The *pranzo*, or dinner, is taken in the evening when work is finished, and is of very much the same nature as the noonday meal, with the exception that some salted fish or pork is added, with cabbage or other greens. Contrary to the opinion of many in this country, macaroni is not the staple food of the working-class of Italy, it is in reality only purchased by the comparatively well-to-do. Fresh meat is seldom eaten, even by the skilled mechanic. Vegetables and fruit, however, are at times so plentiful as to be accessible to the poorest. In the country the working-classes usually live in damp, badly ventilated cottages, and in the cities they are crowded together in large but badly ventilated and drained houses in the poorer quarters of the town.

On this point Mr. W. L. Alden, United States Consul-General at Rome during the last administration, made the following remarks in one of his reports:

"The cost of living is perhaps nowhere so elastic and variable as in Italy. Living may be had from 10 to 60 cents and over per day by persons of the laboring classes.

"The lowest cost of living to the laboring classes in the city of Rome and its environs would be as follows:

"*Breakfast.*—A loaf of coarse wheat bread, unsalted, weighing 12 ounces, 2 cents; fruit in summer, and cured cheese in winter, 1 cent: total, 3 cents.

Dinner (at noonday).—One-half loaf bread as above, 1 cent; a stew made from scraps of tripe, lungs, and the like, or soup prepared with garlics or onions, pork fat, or lard thickened with garlics, olive oil, or grease, 3 cents: total, 4 cents.

Supper.—Same as breakfast, or varied with salad and bread: total, 3 cents.

"*Lodging.*—Single person, at 60 cents per month, per day, 2 cents.

"Grand total cost of living and lodging per day, 12 cents.

"Clothing is a small item of expense, and laborers earning small amounts will always undertake odd jobs to procure extras or an occasional glass of wine."

Two distinct classes of Italians come to this country—those from the north and those from the south of Italy. The northern Italians come from Genoa, Milan, and Florence. The natives from this section have fairer complexions than those from the southern section, and some of the women have blue eyes and flaxen hair. The southern Italians are of the swarthy sort, who are by no means slow to anger, and who repel an insult with a thrust of the stiletto. Most of them come from the region of Calabria, and a few represent the lazzaroni of Naples. Those from the northern part—from Venice, Piedmont, and Lombardy—are full of energy, and in this respect resemble the French; the Neapolitans and Sicilians are more inclined to the philosophy which finds its highest expression in loafing and lying at one's ease.

In the Mulberry Street region the streets are narrow, and many of the ancient wooden tenements look so frail that if they tumbled down into the street at any moment there would be no occasion for surprise. During the day there is not much excitement in this quarter. The men are off to work, and the women—the few who do not assist their husbands in their work—will be found grouped in the alleys leading to their apartments picking over rags, knitting, and gossiping. On pleasant evenings during the fall and summer everybody is in the street—men, women, and children. The grown persons crowd around the alley entrances, the children seat themselves on the curb-stones, and are all the happier if the gutter furnishes a supply of grewsome-looking water in which they can sail imaginary ships, their little minds free from any tormenting hope that their vessels shall come back laden with golden freight. Later on these people will return to their so-called homes—rooms in which from a dozen to a score of them will find sleep on rude bunks built against the sides of the wall, or on beds made from old carpets and rags, and laid upon the floor. In these rear tenements, to use Carlyle's metaphor, human beings are packed so closely that they resemble Egyptian vipers in a jar, each struggling to secure the best position, and to crowd down his fellows.

But let us do justice to these poor people. A great deal that has been written about them in the daily papers has not been founded on fact. "The Italian quarter" has always been considered by newspaper men a good subject for description, but imagination has often had too much to do in making the story striking and interesting. The poorer class of Italians are ignorant, but they are not all lazy or bad. They are keenly grateful for any kindness that is shown them, and most of them are not mentally vigorous enough to be evil. They live only for the time being, and many of them, as we have seen, find themselves in our country, brought here under the false pretences of their own brethren, and, if they remain here, it is a long time before they can become accustomed to the ways of the New World, so different from those of the Old, and hence it is especially difficult for them to make any industrial progress. It should be stated that, with very few exceptions, these poor Italians are honest; they do not cheat or swindle, and they are faithful to their obligations. A certain physician, who had a large practice in the crowded tenement-houses where they live, says that they were in the habit of keeping an account of his visits, and bringing to his house the exact amount of money due him. For two years he kept an account-book to record his visits and the fees due him, but he found the Italians so honest that he discontinued the use of his book, and allowed his patients to keep their own accounts. During the last three years, during which time he has pursued this course, he has not lost a penny through the dishonesty of an Italian.

A very common accusation made against the poorer Italians is that they drink stale beer. As a class they do not do anything of the kind. There are "tramp" Italians as well as tramp Germans, Irish, and English; they frequent the dives where stale beer is sold at a penny or two a glass, and in their company will be found representatives from many other nationalities, all of them in the aggregate representing the lowest form of human existence. While it is true that they live contrary to all the laws of hygiene, it must be remembered that the greed of the landlord—often outwardly a highly respectable member of the community—is largely responsible for the crowded condition of their homes and the want of proper sanitary surroundings. Even in this unwholesome section of the city rosy-cheeked women and children will be found, and broad-chested sons of sunny Italy, who have successfully set at defiance the rule laid down as to the amount of air space necessary for a human being in order to support life. Those blessed with strong constitutions do not seem to be affected by their unwholesome environment, while the weak and sickly soon find their way to the hospital.

The poorest Italians are charitable, and many of them lay aside a little fund of money for beggars. Probably they bring this custom from Italy, where in the large cities beggars are plentiful, and where indiscriminate alms-giving may be said to be a habit. Here in America when the beggar, who nearly always belongs to some other nationality, comes along, the Italians are sure to give him the penny which they have waiting for him; and among themselves these poor people are full of neighborly feeling, and on occasions of sorrow and distress are generous to a fault. In this poor quarter you will occasionally notice an Italian woman dressed in rags though her ears are bedecked with massive gold ear-rings, or on her neck she may wear a necklace of solid gold. These ornaments, so out of place with the surroundings of the wearer, are heirlooms which have descended to her family through many generations, and perhaps were worn by some black-eyed Italian belle five hundred years ago. It is said that some of the ornaments worn by these Italian women are as old as ancient Rome. Some of them look as if they might be.

Among the poorest Italians no mechanics will be found. They have been accustomed to follow very humble vocations in their own country, and they try to follow in the same lines when they arrive here. The northern Italian will display the most enterprise. He will keep a fruit stand in the summer and a chestnut booth in the winter. He will save all the money he can, in order to rent a basement and keep a fruit shop. If that pays, he will rent a store and become a fruit merchant—the height of his ambition. A few shrewd Italians, who have the necessary means, rent houses in the Italian quarter, and sublet the rooms to their fellow-countrymen, careful to imitate the example set them by the American landlord, and get a good percentage on their investment. The poorest Italians do not succeed in any vocation simply because they are too ignorant to rise from the social slough of despond in which they find themselves. They have no knowledge of the English language, and find it difficult to learn, and their ignorance of ordinary business methods prevents their becoming financially successful in almost any undertaking—a statement equally true of all ignorant men, no matter what their nationality may be. A few years ago many Italian children were brought to this country by cruel taskmasters called *padrones*, whose slaves virtually they were. The little ones were taught music in their own country, and leased by their parents to the padrones for a certain number of years. Children between the ages of seven and twelve were brought to America for this purpose, to be returned (if they lived through their cruel experiences) at the age of sixteen. This system has been broken up completely by the Padrone Act—a law designed to prevent children being used as musicians in this way.

Among the better class of Italians will be found some engaged in the wine business, some confectioners, and many engaged in the keeping of restaurants. The manufacture of macaroni in this country is carried on almost exclusively by Italians. There are about forty macaroni manufacturers in the United States. In New York city there are three; in Brooklyn, four; one in Newark, New Jersey; three in Philadelphia; one each in Boston, in Detroit, and in St. Louis; two in Chicago; and five in Sacramento. Even Colorado can boast of a manufactory. Imported macaroni is made of farina, and comes here free of duty; foreign farina (at the time of this writing) is taxed 20 per cent. The farina in this country not being of sufficiently good quality for the purpose, the manufacturers make their macaroni of flour. They complain that they would be able to compete with the imported article if the foreign farina was put upon the free list. The work of manufacture is done almost entirely by machinery. After the dough is mixed in a reservoir by machinery, it is spread out in a shallow circular trough. A heavy marble millstone, imported direct from Italy, driven by machinery, moves slowly around the box, kneading the dough thoroughly. When sufficiently manipulated it is placed in iron cylinders, by which it is made into any size or style required. There are about forty different styles of macaroni, from the small star-shaped bits designed for thickening soup to the large-sized sticks which American housewives use when the dish is baked. After coming from the cylinder the macaroni is taken to the drying-room, where it is spread out in large square shallow boxes, fitted into frames, each frame holding several hundred boxes. After being dried, a process occupying from a few hours to six days, depending on the size of the macaroni, it is ready to be packed in papers for sale.

Italian peasants are naturally sturdy and strong, and they are hard workers. When they are seen idling around the streets, it is because they are out of work, and not because they are shiftless. The ordinary workman is economical, but he will not stint himself of a glass of wine; and though he may not eat meat, it must be remembered that he has not been in the habit of eating it in his own country. He feels strong and healthy without it. A prominent Italian claims that Italian labor is higher paid than Irish or American labor. On the pay-roll of a New Jersey railroad the Irish received $1 25 per day, and the Italian laborer, $1 30. The Irish superintendent said, in explanation of this fact, that an Italian could do more work than an Irishman, although he at first thought, owing to their manner of living, the Italians would soon break down. They subsisted wholly on macaroni, farinaceous food, and cheap wine. The superintendent also admitted that an Italian did not talk while working, or stop to light his pipe every ten minutes, and could do fully ten per cent. more work than an Irishman. It has been proven, to the satisfaction of some persons at least, that farinaceous food gives more muscle and bone than meat. If there is any truth in this theory, the good health of the Italian laborers can be accounted for. During the early fall of 1888 the Italian found a new vocation. An Oneida County hop-grower employed 150 Italian laborers to do the picking in his yards.

Organ grinding a few years ago was an industry of which the Italians had the monopoly. A certain organ maker on Chatham Square says that during the last twenty-seven years he has been in the business he has supplied 5000 Italians with hand-organs. It is a trifle exasperating to note that this organ-maker is fat and jolly, and seems to have no realizing sense of the enormity of his transgression. Hand-organs cost from $25 to $225, and the ordinary instrument is capable of inflicting eight tunes. Aside from that prejudiced class of persons to whom the hand-organ is never welcome, it may be said that a tune on this instrument remains popular with the public for six months. Patriotic tunes are in steady demand, especially at certain seasons of the year, and a negro refrain is always sure to tickle the ears of the groundlings. There are not one-third the number of organ-grinders that there were a few years ago. In former days the organ-grinder would play in the South in the winter, and come North during the summer. Now a few play around New York during the spring and summer months, and seek other work in the fall. The law forbidding organ-grinders to have monkeys, and the demand for Italian laborers, have made organ-grinding almost a thing of the past.

The Italian venders of pea-nut candy work less and make more than the average unskilled laborer. The candy sells for one cent a bar, or six for five cents, and is supplied by a large manufactory in the upper part of the city, which employs hundreds of Italian peddlers to sell it. There is 6 cents profit on every 20 cents' worth of candy, and as the men sell from $4 to $6 worth a day, and work only a few hours, they are not so badly off as might be imagined. Each man has his own district to cover, and is expected to dress decently and keep his basket neat and clean. The basket is lined with a clean towel, and is supplied with an oil-cloth cover for use in bad weather. There is a natty little Italian who stands near Fulton Ferry every day when the crowd is going over—between four and six o'clock. He has his regular customers among the boys and girls, who empty his basket of sweetmeats during the two hours he attends to business. His sales average about $5 a day, on which his own profits are about $1 50.

Another small but important industry is the cracking of the nuts used in the making of various kinds of confectionery. The nuts are cracked and picked by rather pretty and picturesquely clad Italian girls, employed by a Southerner who is engaged very largely in this industry. His place is in Mulberry Street, and he employs Italian girls because they work cheaply, paying them eight cents a pound for their work, and because they are quicker and more thorough in picking out the kernels than men. The only man in the shop, besides the packers and cartmen, attends the cracking-machine—a strange-looking contrivance filled with holes, and making a noise like a Gatling-gun. Into these holes the man throws pecan-nuts, and some internal machinery cracks them and drops them out. The girls then take them and pick out the kernels with long-pointed knives, and the majority of them work so quickly that they manage to earn a fair income.

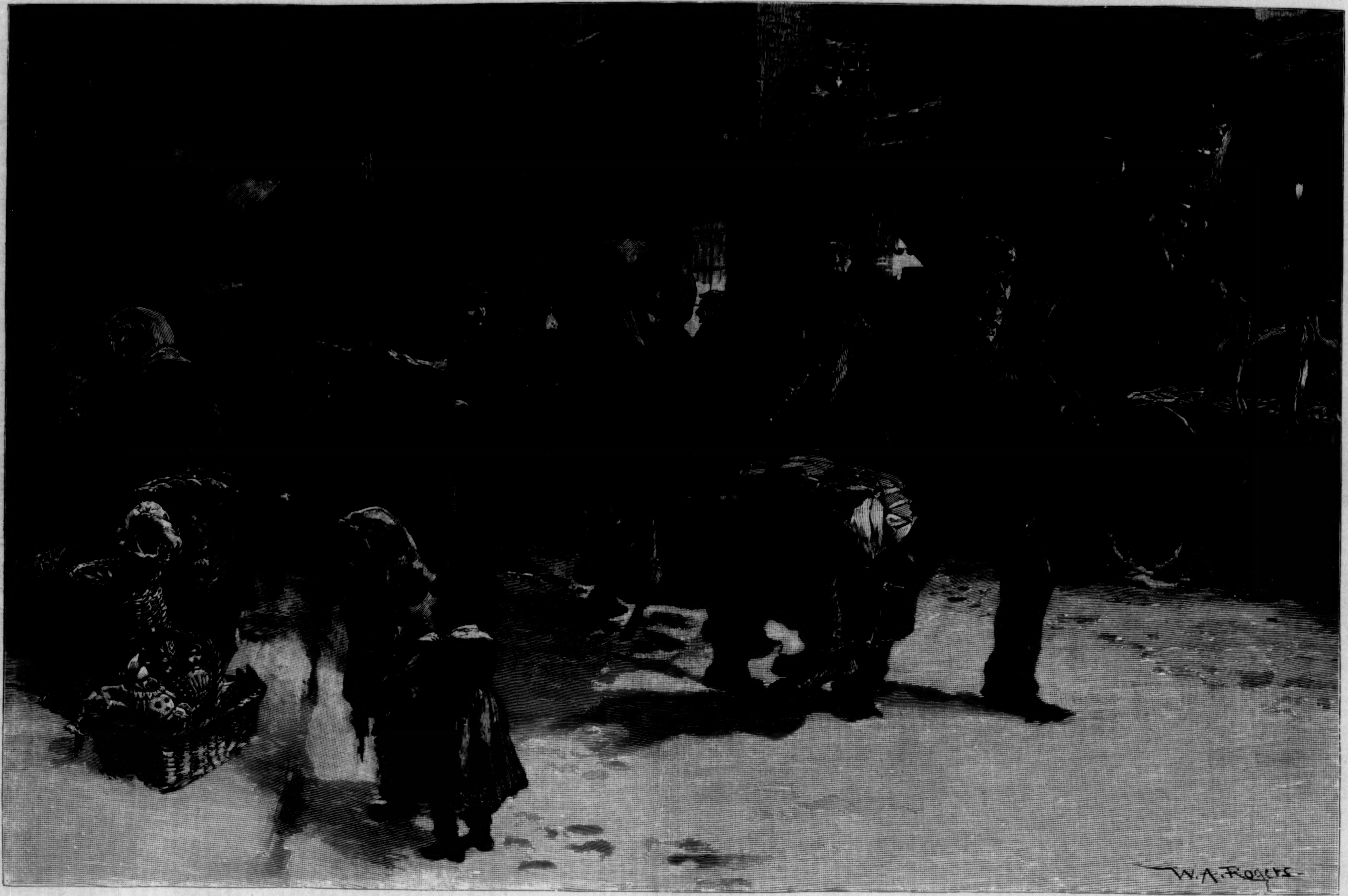
There are several prominent Italian bankers and tradesmen in New York city. To prove that the poorer classes of Italians save their money, it was shown that in one bank at the beginning of the year there was $150,000, representing 1000 depositors, whose accounts ranged from $2 upward. Some months ago two distinguished Italian artists established themselves in New York—Count Alessandro Guaccimanni and Sir Giuseppe Sacheri, two inseparable friends; the former a portrait-painter, the latter a landscape and marine painter. Giovanni Terenzeni is a sculptor whose model of Garibaldi won him fame all over the world; he is a student from the Academy of Arts at Carrara, and occupies a place in the front rank of the world's artists. Nestore Corradi is another eminent sculptor who has made his home in New York. There are many professors of music, and importers in various wares and manufactures are important members of the commercial circles of New York. There are two Italian lawyers and seven physicians.

The manufacture of cheap objects of art is quite an important industry, also the making of artificial flowers and confectionery. Hundreds of the poorer Italians keep fruit stands during the summer months, and sell roasted chestnuts and hickory nuts during the winter season.

Italian restaurants and hotels are plentiful. On Greene Street there is a large lodging-house filled to the roof with a laboring class, where beds can be obtained for 25 cents a night, and they are always full. On Irving Place, near the Academy of Music, there is an aristocratic lodging-house, where the prices are high and the company select. On Thompson Street there is a cheap hotel, where the poorer sons of Italy congregate on their arrival in the city, much as sailors hover around a sailors' boarding-house. And away down-town, in Rose Street, under the shadow of one of the large publishing houses, there is a cheap hotel which is also a sort of exchange. Here tickets for all parts of the world can be bought; information is given to all and about everything, and the place is a kind of general intelligence headquarters besides.

Lovers of good eating need scarcely be reminded that the Italians are excellent cooks. It is over twenty years ago since the writer was in the habit of dining at an Italian restaurant on Third Avenue in the neighborhood of Tenth Street. The restaurant was in a basement, or rather what would have been a cellar, under a hat store. The room was small, but there night after night could be seen well-known artists, literary men, and actors, drawn to the place because it was cozy, the dinner was good, and its cheapness—40 cents, including a small bottle of claret—was a feature many of the visitors, in their struggling stage of existence, could not afford to slight. There was a long table in the centre of the apartment where artists, headed by William Page, used to sit. Every night the place was crowded, and late comers were obliged to stand and wait for a seat. In one corner there was the smallest kind of a counter, over which the wine used to be passed to the waiters by the proprietor, a big fat Italian, who, in white apron and cap, flitted to and from the diminutive kitchen in the rear. Men would sometimes bring their wives or lady friends to this cave of good-fellowship and good cookery, which to many New-Yorkers at that time was as much of a retreat and as full of good-fellowship as the robbers' cave made memorable by Gil Blas. In a few years the proprietor had made enough money to start a pretentious establishment on Fifth Avenue, where he catered to a different class of customers, and where, it need scarcely be said, there has never appeared the same crowd of eccentric geniuses that made the Third Avenue basement a favorite trysting-place twenty odd years ago. Another famous Italian restaurant was Moretti's, near the Academy of Music, where in the days of the Italian opera all the distinguished singers were sure to be found. Later on, when the taste for macaroni began to develop among the Americans, Moretti's became a resort for English-speaking actors, actresses, and a certain class of *bons vivants* who believe with old Doctor Johnson that a good dinner "lubricates business." Many also came solely for the purpose of eating macaroni cooked after the highest Milanese fashion, a dish which must be eaten in order to be appreciated. Moretti has moved away from that section of the city, and has opened a similar restaurant on Twenty-first Street near Broadway.

The Italians can equal the French in furnishing an excellent *table d'hôte* dinner at a very reasonable price. There is a popular Italian restaurant on Third Avenue where for only 85 cents you can get a dinner consisting of oysters on half-shell, soup, fish, macaroni, an *entrée*, a roast with vegetables, dessert, coffee, and a pint bottle of claret. There are many restaurants where they have cooking after the Italian style at which you can dine for 60 cents. It is only at the highest-class restaurant where the dinner costs



IN THE ITALIAN QUARTER—MULBERRY STREET ON A WINTER EVENING.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.